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To whom all letters on business must be addressed.

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Wilmington Journal.

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WILMINGTON, N. C., JAN. 12, 1865.

It is a little queer, the tendency that mankind of the military persuasion have always manifested towards abusing Commissaries and Quartermasters even while admitting the absolute necessity for such officers, and acknowledging that many of them are very clever fellows. The Duke of Wellington himself wanted to hang a few Commissaries, and we rather think Napoleon did something of that kind. If men are kept hungry for any length of time they become crabbed and unreasonable. An empty head may indicate weakness of intellect, but an empty belly certainly presages an outburst of passion.

We wish some philosopher would take hold of this matter, and explain to us the whys and the wherefores of this fashion of blowing up men who are as worthy at least as their neighbours. The constant jokes upon "old fools" or "quartermasters" displays a plentiful lack of originality in the conductors of newspapers. The thing is started and it is kept up after it has lost all novelty, and has become rather a bore than otherwise. The world is actually starving for an original idea. Its jokes are stale, its entertainments are husks and shavings of jokes. The world has got along with two or three standing jokes for the last three years, and insists upon thinking itself smart and original to vociferate for the nine hundredth time, "come out of that hat." So it is with Commissaries and quartermasters. The same old sins are laid to their charge, evidently at second hand or third hand. It would relieve the sameness of the affair to some new, startling and eccentric charge to be brought against the unfortunate men. Yes, it would have the effect of an enlivening effort for some one to start a case in their praise, enumerating their virtues, their labors and their self-denial. And indeed they *have* frequently hard enough work and scant enough thanks.—For Republics are ungrateful.

There is one thing, however, that may as well be said as not, and better too. The talk about these officers keeping active men unnecessarily out of field service is all nonsense. The duties of a quartermaster or commissary at any important point, fully "tax the energies" of the most active and energetic man, and cannot be properly discharged by any other.

W. H. Bernard announces that he will start a daily paper in the town of Fayetteville, on the 16th instant. The paper is to be called the *Daily Telegraph*.

Several of the Richmond papers led us to suppose that Butler's famous Dutch Gap Canal was to be filled up and that of course it was a failure. Such turns out not to be the fact. We take the following in reference to the Canal from the Richmond *Dispatch* of the 7th inst.:

> The most interesting news of the day is brought us by the Northern papers, and is the announcement that Butler's project talked Dutch Gap canal has at length been completed. The importance of this news remains to be seen. It is a success; that is, if it admits the passage through it of the Yankee fleet. It is an important and useful work for the enemy, inasmuch as it puts them about six miles nearer the city by water than they would be had they been compelled to make the trip around Farrar's island, which is the base of the peninsula of which Dutch gap was the isthmus. It proves unavailable to monitors and gunboats, the whole vast undertaking is so much time and labor lost. But even should it float the monitors comfortably, it yet to be tested whether our batteries on the south bank of James river and west of the gap will not effectually close its navigation. We think they will.
>
> The Yankees tell us the canal has fifteen feet of water in it at high tide. Its length is five hundred and sixty feet; its width, forty yards. The cut through the ridge of the isthmus at its highest point, is the water line, is fifty-nine feet. The work was begun on the 10th of August; and the excavation only which had been left untouched by the rest of the canal was finished, to protect the laborers against our batteries. It was blown out last Sunday—the first day of this year. The Yankee nation are making a great glorification over the completion of this work, and volumes of praise are being lavished on Butler for originating the canal scheme and for effecting it to a successful conclusion. It is, as we have said, only so far successful that the gap has been cut through and the cut filled with water. Its advantage to the enemy in the siege of Richmond is another matter. Even should the monitors sail through, it may be found that they have not improved their location over much.—We may, however, expect them to attempt the excursion at an early day.
>
> One of the most remarkable things about the completion of this canal is, to us, the fact that it should be done right under our noses, (Dutch gap being, as the crow flies, only twelve miles from Richmond,) and yet we heard not one word of it until the news was brought to us from New York.
>
> Very heavy cannonading was heard in the direction of the Dutch Gap canal yesterday morning. We presume the fire from our batteries will be kept up continually now, although we expected to be tremendous whenever the first monitor shall show its nose in the canal.

For the Journal.

FORT FISHER, Jan 9th, 1864.

Messrs. FULTON & PRICE,

Sirs:—In the letter of "Sallie Ho" in his communication to the editors in regard to the defense of Fort Fisher on the 24th and 25th of December, does not seem to know both forts, although the plan as made by the officers commanding the land face of the Fort. While he was aware of the disposition of the Fifteen hundred men, "H," will please inform us that Co. H and two of the best guns in the Fort can also be heavy on the line. I hope that "Sallie Ho" should see fit in his communications now to confine Co. H to their 32 pounders when they evident by many as good guns as ever threw a projectile.

Very respectfully, &c.,

ONE WHO KNOWS.

OFFICIAL REPORT OF GEN. LEVENTHORPE.

HEADQUARTERS, Kinston, N. C.,
December 18, 1864.

Brig. Gen. C. L. Ripley, A. A. G., &c.:

GENERAL—I have the honor to report to you that having learned from Col. Armistead of an expedition undertaken by the enemy on the Roanoke river, I reinforced it at Hamilton, with the 8th N. C., and ordered Col. Anderson's Regt't of Junior Reserves from Weldon. I proceeded at the same time, with Colonel Whitford's Regiment, the 67th N. C., from Kinston, and reached Hamilton on the 18th inst.

I found the enemy advancing slowly up the river in gunboats and launches, and removing the torpedoes as they advanced. There is good reason to believe that three boats were sunk in the advance. I am warranted in saying that two were undoubtedly destroyed.

It becomes evident that the object of the enemy was to secure a landing within Conoho creek, and I determined that Poplar Point would be the place selected: I therefore sent some infantry to attack the launches as they came up the river. They succeeded in firing a volley from ambush, and apparently killed and wounded the crew of one entire launch. Two other launches surrendered to the attacking party, but the company of the 67th engaged was driven from the prizes by volleys of grape from the gun boats.—Capt. Cogdell, of the 67th, deserves credit for the punishment inflicted on the enemy in this attack. As the enemy still advanced, I ordered Colonel Broadfoot to proceed to Poplar Point with a body of infantry and dispute the landing. I also ordered Col. Whitford, with his regiment, to the landing, and a section of Parrott guns, from Capt. Dixon's battery. The enemy came up on the 20th, and made an effort to land. The skirmishers were easily driven to their boats. A brisk engagement then took place with the gun boats. We attacked them with infantry and artillery, and forced them to withdraw a mile after three hours hard fighting. On the 22d another attempt was made to land, which was repulsed.

The enemy was driven off the evening of the 23d. Col. Whitford dashed at the boats with his regiment and touched them for four miles with great determination. The conduct of this brave and excellent officer is worthy of the highest commendation, and I deem it no more than justice in bringing it to the notice of my superiors. I regret to state that Col. Whitford was severely wounded. In the former advance of the enemy, which occurred immediately subsequent to the attack on Bellfield, much credit is due to Capts. Brown and Pitt, the former of the 6th N. C. cavalry, the latter commanding an unattached company, for the gallantry and success with which they fought and detained the enemy at every possible point until reinforcements came up. Capt. Dixon's battery, in the late advance, also did good service, and more particularly the section commanded by Lieut. Jones, which first engaged the enemy. A sunken boat, whose spars I saw myself, indicate very well the accuracy and success of the former.

I have the honor to be, Major,
Very respectfully,
Your obd't servt,
(Signed) C. LEVENTHORPE,
Brig. Gen.

From the Charlotte Democrat.

TERRIBLE CONFLAGRATION.

About Ten Millions of Dollars worth of Property Destroyed.

On Saturday, morning last, a most destructive fire occurred in this town at the Depot of the N. C. and C. & S. C. Railroads. About half-past 1 o'clock fire broke out in a small building a few yards from the large Passenger shed, and near the Quartermaster's buildings. The wind blowing very heavy at the time, it spread with great rapidity, and in a few minutes the shed and the two Quartermaster Warehouses were wrapped in flames. From these it caught to the building formerly used as a ticket office by the C. & S. C. R. R., thence to the piles of Cotton on the platforms around the main Depot buildings, and then to the N. C. Depot. The Warehouses, sheds, and one half of the N. C. Depot building were consumed destroying vast quantities of corn, flour, cotton, sugar &c.

To files to the Confederate Government is never. We learn that here were stored under the shed and in the warehouses, over 20,000 sacks corn and oats, 1 900 sacks flour, 1 0 hogsheads sugar, besides blankets, soldiers' clothing, leather, and various other articles. One of the warehouses was about 400 feet long, the other 2 0 feet; both filled with government stores. A few hogsheads of the sugar were saved before the fire had reached it, and some has since been gathered up from beneath the burning corn. About 3 000 sacks corn were taken from the ruins on Saturday in a damaged condition, besides a small quantity of cloth, flannel, &c. Major Echol, the Quartermaster, lost a portion of his books and papers. The iron safe belonging to the office remained in the burning building, and we learn that the money, &c., which was in it, is not damaged.

The loss to the Government is estimated at from five to six millions of dollars, at least.

Around the Depot buildings about 200 bales cotton were burned. The portion of the N. C. Depot which was consumed was used by the C. & S. C. Railroad as a store room in which were large quantities of freight belonging to individuals, all of which was totally destroyed. Next to the Government, the C. and S. C. Railroad is the heaviest loser—the loss, probably, amounting to one or two millions.—The loss of cotton is sustained mainly by individuals and the Columbia & Hamburg Railroad Co. The total loss by this fire is thought to be over ten millions of dollars. Had it not been for the rain which fell in the early part of the night and for a day or two previous, the destruction of property would have been much greater.

The fire is supposed to have originated from a defective stove pipe in various quarters are expressed on the subject—some attributing it to negligence. A large guard has always been kept on the premises, and why the fire was not discovered in time to put it, is rather strange, to say the least. At any rate it is a most unfortunate occurrence. Especially is the loss of provisions to be regretted.

We are not sufficiently informed to say whether or not any of the government officers are to blame in the matter.

CONFEDERATE STATES CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION, FOR THE RELIEF OF PRISONERS.

FORT DELAWARE, Oct. 30th, 1864.

To the People of the Confederate States:

The undersigned, invite your attention to a benevolent enterprize which they believe will commend itself to the hearts and consciences of our entire people. It is to make an organized effort to supply the wants of prisoners.

We feel confident that if the people of the Confederate States had from the beginning of the war fully appreciated the multiplied wants and hardships of this large class of our people, here would long since have been organized a society especially to promote their welfare. But so diverse and onerous have been the duties which this struggle has imposed upon our people at home, they have in a great measure underestimated the trials and sufferings of prisoners, and the wide field which relieving their wants affords for the exercise of Christian benevolence. Whilst therefore we heartily commend the patriotic and benevolent enterprizes which you have, during the war, inaugurated to promote the cause of freedom, the good of mankind and the glory of God, we most earnestly ask that another be added to those enterprizes by which these glorious ends may be promoted. We make this appeal as a committee of the "Confederate States Christian association for the relief of prisoners," a Society just organized among the officers in confinement at this Fort; and we can not better commend this enterprise to your favor than by acquainting you with the nature and purposes of that association.

Early last summer, the officers imprisoned here, who were members of evangelical churches, appreciating the importance of some organized effort to promote the cause of Christ among their fellow prisoners, organized a "Christian Association." In the providence of God the Rev. Isaac W. K. Handy, D. D., and several other ministers were confined here also, and so heartily and faithfully did these godly men direct the efforts of the Association, that God speedily and abundantly blessed those efforts with a gracious outpouring of his Spirit, and in the addition of many souls to His Church. As the summer advanced, and the means at its command would permit, the Association, besides having the gospel preached, and holding daily prayer meetings, established a library of religious and miscellaneous reading, and organized classes in the various branches of science and religion; and so wide was the field which was gradually opened to its operations, that it soon became necessary to re-draft its constitution. This was done in October, and the new Society was styled the "Confederate States Christian Association for the relief of prisoners," and was designed to relieve the wants, spiritual, moral, intellectual and physical of prisoners, whether civil, political or military, in our own or other lands.

The Society was organized upon this broad basis with the hope that the United States authorities might permit it to extend its operations to other prisons, and that it might by its objects and efforts suggest to the people of the Confederate states the importance of organizing in each community and state of the Confederacy, similar Associations to which this might be auxiliary. Our Association has been in operation under its new title but a short time, but bids fair to be eminently useful, even with the restrictions which the prison rules impose upon its operations. But we trust that God will extend its usefulness and further, by removing such obstacles as now hinder its efforts, and that the people of the Confederate states will so duly respond to our appeal in behalf of their prisoners, and will furnish this and similar associations in other prisons the means to supply their wants.

But our efforts should not stop here. That benevolence does not deserve the name of Christian benevolence, which does not embrace our enemies as well as our friends.—There are thousands of prisoners in our own prison whose wants should be supplied. Let us endeavor to discharge our duty to them as well as to our own prisoners, and exemplify the teachings of Him who said, "love your enemies bless them that curse you do good to them that hate you and pray for them which despitefully use you and persecute you."

We therefore most earnestly appeal to you, to organize societies in every where in sight of the Confederacy for the relief of prisoners. Let money be raised and books and clothing be bought, collected and forwarded to the associations in the various prisons, and when necessary let a living minister be sent to preach to the prisoners, and rest assured God will clothe your efforts by promoting our country's good, and His own glory.

N. B. VANCE,
LEWELLYN SOUTHGATE,
GEO. M. TROUP,
} Committee

ROBERT E. LEE.

The record of the great ever attracts the attention of mankind. History proves, however, that greatness is too often allied with qualities which cannot fail to excite pity, horror or disgust. Among the great of modern times, upon whom the eyes of Christendom have been turned, the choice has been done, up to the present day, save Washington, whose record is sustained and whose escutcheon is without blot.

It is therefore with a justifiable pride that the people of the South may point to General Lee as an example, so rarely found, of goodness and greatness combined.—Among our enemies, wicked as they are, none has been found to breathe a word against the honor, purity and patriotism of Robert E. Lee. Save him, there is no man of prominence in the South whom they have not slandered and belied. His simple word would outweigh in the land of our enemies the sworn attestation of their highest dignitaries. In Europe his word is the synonyme of truth, and the respect shown his name in other lands is second only to that entertained for him in his own.

The temple of his renown has not sprung up in a night. It took four years to build it. It stands to-day without a rival—its foundation laid in the heart of the people and its superstructure formed of noble and heroic deeds. Too earnest for words, this man, Robert E. Lee, does his work silently—all unconscious that on him are fixed the admiring glances of the world.

If he is great in victory, he is sublime in defeat. His calm soul frets not at the decrees of Fate. He does what man can do, and leaves the rest to God. He has no time to talk. Mark Antony, defeated at Actium, slew himself and died in the arms of a royal harlot.—Lee, repulsed at Gettysburg, said, "It is my fault," and turned to his appointed work. No wonder men love him, and can find no one with whom to liken him. Who thinks of calling Lee a Bayard, a Cæsar or a Napoleon? When Jackson fell, we lost the Moses of the South—should Lee be taken from us, we should be without—Lee. He is indeed the main prop of our cause. With him between them and the vandal hordes, men sleep in peace at night and dream of victory.

Though the cause should perish, Lee will live. Time can do him no wrong. Should it be the decree of Providence that our people be exterminated and the land made desolate, the name and fame of Robert E. Lee, like the pyramids in the Egyptian desert, will stand a monument of former power and glory, exciting alike the wonder and the admiration of mankind.

Macon Tel. & Confed.

THE NEW CURRENCY BILL.

The following is a copy of the new Currency Bill which passed the House of Representatives by a decided vote on Saturday, December, 24th:

"A Bill to be entitled "An Act to provide more effectually for the reduction and redemption of the Currency."

"Whereas, the recovery of the currency from its depreciation and the reassurance of the public of its ultimate payment in full, would be an inestimable benefit to both Government and citizens; and as a means for accomplishing this end it is expedient to exempt the same from taxation, and to pledge the public faith, not only against any addition to the amount of the currency now authorized by law, but also to the reduction of it, by cancelling annually a material part thereof, and to the dedication of an ample fund for redeeming the residue, to be applied to that purpose from and after the close of the existing war; therefore.

Section 1. The Congress of the Confederate States of America do enact, hereafter, and until the full redemption of the Confederate states Treasury notes now outstanding and of such as are authorized by existing laws to be issued, the said notes, except those issued prior to the seventeenth day of February, 1864, shall be free from all taxation whatever.

Section 2. Pending the war one fifth of the Treasury notes annually received into the Treasury in payment of taxes, shall be thereupon cancelled until the amount outstanding shall have been reduced to one hundred and fifty millions of dollars.

"Section 3. Upon a declaration of peace between the Confederate States and the United States of America, the tithe received by the Government of the annual crops or produce of cotton (other than Sea Island cotton) wheat and corn, in the ratio of four-tenths of cotton four-ninths of corn and one-ninth of wheat, shall be applied to the redemption of Treasury notes in circulation, until the whole shall be redeemed; the tithe of cotton being valued at fifty cents a pound, of corn at two dollars a bushel, and of wheat at four dollars a bushel, and being deliverable by the Government at one or more shipping ports in the each of the Confederate States, to be selected by the Secretary of the Treasury: Provided, however, That the tithe aforesaid, or any part thereof, may by the consent of the parties entitled to receive the same, be delivered elsewhere than at a shipping port; Provided, further, That the cotton to be delivered under the authority of this Act shall be equal to cotton held as 'middling cotton" in the ports where such cotton may be delivered.

Section 4. And all acts and parts of acts now in force providing for the assessment and collection of the tax in kind in cotton, corn and wheat, be and the same are hereby re-enacted, and shall continue in force until all Treasury notes issued, or authorized to be issued by 'an Act to reduce the Currency, and to authorize a new issue of notes and bonds,' approved February 18, 1864, shall have been redeemed in full, and the persons paying taxes in kind under this Act, from and after the ratification of peace, shall receive compensation, by credit or otherwise, for the then market value of any cotton, corn and wheat delivered after the termination of the war, so as to equalize their taxes with other tax payers, the market value to be ascertained at the time of its delivery in the mode prescribed by law.

"Section 5. The holders of Treasury notes desiring to receive the tithes aforesaid in payment thereof, shall convert the same into Treasury certificates, bearing an interest of six per cent. per annum which shall be issued by the Secretary of the Treasury in exchange for said notes, and shall express on their face the object for which they are intended, the holders of which said certificates shall be entitled to receive payment thereof in the tithes aforesaid, at the rate of one fifth of the amount annually; Provided, however, that more than one fifth of the amount of tithes due for any such certificates, or the whole of such account, may be paid in any year, at the election of the Secretary of the Treasury; Provided, That Treasury notes redeemed in lieu of the certificates authorized by this Act shall not be re-issued; Provided further, That said certificates shall be divided into two classes, to be designated respectively as No. 1 and 2. Certificates issued during the first six months of the year 1865 shall be of the first class, and shall be redeemable in cotton at forty cents per pound, corn at one dollar and fifty cents per bushel, and wheat at three dollars per bushel; Provided, however, That holders of Treasury notes living in the Trans-Mississippi Department shall be allowed two months additional to convert their Treasury notes into certificates of the first class.—Certificates issued subsequent to the six and eight months of said year, shall be of the second class, and shall be redeemable in cotton at fifty cents per pound, corn at two dollars per bushel, and wheat at four dollars per bushel.

"Section 6. All planters or farmers liable to the tax in kind shall be permitted to satisfy the same by payment of such certificate aforesaid.

"Section 7. Certificates issued under the authority of this Act, shall be in the following proportions, to wit: four-ninths in a separate certificate payable in cotton, four-ninths payable in corn, and one-ninth payable in wheat, but no sum less than forty-five dollars, or in multiple, shall be converted into Treasury certificates where the sum is under nine hundred dollars.

"But the amount to be made payable on the face of each certificate, when the sum converted into Treasury certificates is more than nine hundred dollars, shall be such as the Secretary of the Treasury shall judge to be most suitable and convenient for the purposes of this Act, which said certificate shall be a signable in writing in such form and with such authentication as the Secretary of the Treasury may prescribe.

"Section 8. The public faith is hereby pledged to the immutable observance of the provisions herein above contained, as to the collection of the tax on wheat, corn and cotton in kind, and the application thereof as aforesaid, until the redemption of the currency as above provided shall have been completed.

"Section 9. This Act shall be in force from the passing thereof.

The Wilmington expedition furnished not much of glory to the Yankees. It did not even give them a pretext for their chronic *feus de joie* and pyrotechnical displays.—Salutes and fire-works in superabundant profusion celebrated the bloodless capture of Savannah; but this was a poor compensation for the failure to take the valuable port of Wilmington. In spite of all their vauntings of recent problematical successes, and anticipations of imminent chimerical consequences, they cannot conceal the chagrin inspired by what was intended to be the grandest expedition and the most magnificent triumph of the war. It is natural enough that mortification should be produced by a *fiasco* so palpable and so lamentable. The disappointment at the defeat must be in the direct ratio of the anticipations of victory. The preliminary exaltation is a fair measure of the subsequent depression. But we, who did not participate in the former, cannot be expected to share in the latter. We can only in common with the rest of the world, enjoy the ludicrousness of the spectacle and laugh at the melancholy discomfiture which has overtaken our sanguine and jubilant Yankee brethren. In fact, as an specimen of the ridiculous the whole affair surpasses anything we can call to mind, that the fertile genius of the Yankees has offered us during the war. It can be aptly illustrated by the story of that famous King of France, who, with his twenty thousand men, marched up the hill and then marched down again, or of *Le grand roi Dagobert Qui a mis ses culottes à l'envers*; or, by what pleases us most of Connecticut, who universally paraded at the inauguration of the metropolitan Wolf, celebrating "in the name of the Prophet—Fig!"

In each of which cases the insignificance of the occasion is so remarkable as commentary on the magnificence of the commencement. But the issue of the Wilmington expedition offers a contrast still more striking with the magnitude of the preparations which preceded and the extravagance of the pretensions which accompanied it. The attack on Fort Sumter by Dupont's fleet, last year, was probably the greatest naval effort which had, up to that time, been made. But its failure was concealed by calling it a mere experiment, and the withdrawal of the vessels was not attended with those ludicrous and inconsequential military manœuvres, which have the effect of a *reductio ad absurdum* on the Porter-Butler attempt. Indeed, it is hard to say whether the naval or the military branch of this ill-fated enterprise has the greater claim to be considered a laughing-stock for discontented spectators; or which one is nearer right in the contempt and abuse it heaps on the other. Porter says that his fleet was not able to do that it immediately silenced the forts; and we know, in fact, that it surpassed anything of the kind ever before rained on a defensive work. The valiest Admiral, therefore, very naturally supposed that Butler's soldiers would have nothing to do but walk into an abandoned and shattered work.—But Butler's soldiers thought quite differently; and Butler himself, under the suggestion of Gen. Weitzel, came to the conclusion that the Yankees might as well walk into the gates of Avernus as into those imminent deadly breaches of Fort Fisher. From Porter's report, one would imagine that the fort had been entirely knocked to pieces, and was incapable of resisting even a demonstration. But Butler says it was unimpaired as a defensive work. Hence, from the military point of view, the navy had wofully failed to carry out its part of the programme, which consisted in reducing the fort to a comparatively unresisting condition. But, on the other side, Butler relates with an air of pride, how his brave skirmishers went straight up to the deserted parapets, and how a valorous officer captured a flag, and a venturesome corporal killed a rebel orderly and bagged his dispatches. From all of which the incredulous Porter draws the inference that where so few did so much, the whole might have done ever so much more; and from which the New York *Herald* considers itself entitled to prophesy, in its usual felicitous manner, that Fort Fisher, which stood out against the annoying fire of Porter's fleet, defied the threatened assault of Butler's army, will be captured some fine day next week by a squad of Yankee marines. In this the *Herald*, no doubt, is only indulging in a little of its peculiar humor. That paper means, we presume, not that the marines will take Fort Fisher, but that the report of both Butler and Porter ought to have been addressed to those proverbially credulous creatures.—*Richmond Whig, 7th inst.*

SIEGE MATTERS.

FIVE HUNDRED AND FIFTIETH DAY.

Since our last report nothing of interest has occurred hereabouts, excepting the firing of a few shots by the enemy at Fort Sumter.

The martial tread and disciplined bearing of the veteran reinforcements that were hastening through our streets, both forenoon and afternoon yesterday, lent a more cheerful tone to the aspect of affairs and the croakers were, for the nonce, somewhat less blatant than usual.

Chas. Mercury, 10th.

The army has grown merry over Forrest's recent exploits in Tennessee. They say that his cavalry captured four gunboats, but were forced to destroy them *for want of transportation.*

DISTRIBUTION.—Some of the North Carolina tories are meeting with a long reserved but deserved fate. Several weeks ago, we recorded an advance by raiders to the plantation of Dr. Mills, eighteen miles from spartanburg, where they committed ruinous depredations. A company of the citizens of Spartanburg started in pursuit; but, after a chase of two days returned without achieving their object. Last week a number of the ring-leaders, so supported were traced to Columbus, Polk County, N. C., and a posse of men, under Lieut. Lane went thither to secure them. Dr. Mills accompanied them. They reached the house of one Payton Hunter, and on his arrest being demanded, (a made at Dr. Mills with a bowi knife, but fortunately stabbed no deeper than an overcoat. A moment afterwards, Hunter fell, pierced by seven balls. Five others—namely Frank Weaver, Samuel Hunter, —— Sheban, B F Hampton and Charles Hunter—were also killed. The Hunters were members of the same family. Weaver was also of the distillers of this State, and known extensively in Columbus as the manufacturer of the celebrated "Weaver Whiskey." Three of the above party were mysteriously "lost" in the woods, while en route to Asheville—Dan Lane, of the attacking party, was also wounded, while pursuing his duty, but we are informed, will entirely recover his injuries. It is said that the entire community in the vicinity are the freer since the above "clearing out," and that the most dangerous of the ringleaders in that section has been effectually destroyed. Captured correspondence implicates other parties.—*Columbia South Carolinian.*

PLOT TO ESCAPE FROM CASTLE THUNDER.—Yesterday morning, Captain Richardson, the commandant at Castle Thunder, received information through a prisoner that the prisoners confined in the citizens' room had formed a plot to escape last night, and had prepared weapons to fight their way out, and murder the guard and officers if they were opposed. Yesterday afternoon, the inmates of the room were all placed under surveillance, and a search made in the room for evidences of the plot. Three holes, large enough to admit a man's body, were found, one leading down into the room adjoining the office on the first floor, one penetrating the large room on the North, and a third opening into the room on the South. Arms, such as knives and pistols were found secreted in these openings, and no doubt remained in the minds of the prison officials but that a desperate attempt at escape was contemplated. Lieut. Vernon, formerly ordnance officer of Major Atkinson, now in confinement upon grave charges, is suspected of being the ringleader of the plot, but this he most emphatically denies.

The search for arms &c., was still progressing last evening.

As the discovery of this plot will, we apprehend, interfere with the free access of visitors to the prisoners heretofore enjoyed, as it is suspected that both arms and implements were conveyed to the prisoners by this system of communication.—*Rich. Examiner.*

A Catholic Priest on the Yankee Presidential Election.

The Dublin (Ireland) *Nation* publishes the following letter from a Catholic Priest at Orange, New Jersey, explaining to his countrymen in Ireland how the Presidential election was worked. The following is an extract from the letter:

Lincoln being a Republican and Abolitionist, and McClellan being a Democrat, and the people being tired and disgusted with the war to a state of unconsciousness, Lincoln saw that Democracy would rise up in its majesty and defeat him. What did he do? He set his agents to work, and there was not a city, town, hamlet or village in the Northern and Western States but were bribed with thousands and thousands of greenbacks to secure his re-election. Greenbacks are the paper dollars that are current now. They have ceased to count them at Washington.—They weigh them by the ton. I enclose one as a sample. You can easily see, sir, how Lincoln was re-elected. And by getting re-elected, he considered that this would prove to all Europe that the Federals endorsed him and his administration, whereas the contrary is the fact.

All of us know full well how the constitutional rights of the North and South have been trampled upon and invaded by the Know-Nothings and Abolitionists of the North.—And all Europe can surely and clearly see, after four years of hard fighting against overwhelming numbers, that the Southerners have *earned* and have *established* their independence. I might write you a longer letter on the American question did time permit; but as my duties are so pressing, and my taste for American politics so poor, and just only a looker-on, I deem it needless to put *The Nation* right on a question of such vital importance.—*The Nation* I say, a paper I so much admire, and which comes to me so correctly once a week, and getting so much matter from false and corrupt papers and correspondents as you do. I have only to say that a love of *truth* and a hatred of *partiality* prompted me to pen you this letter, and believe me yours *exordia*,

JAMES MCKAY,
Pastor of Orange, New Jersey,
United States of America.

From the Charleston Courier, 11th inst.

A Good Man Gone to Rest.

A sigh of sorrow was uttered from the hearts of hundreds of widows and orphans and many, very many citizens of all classes and orders of religious faith and profession, when, on Tuesday morning, the tidings went forth that Rev. P. O'Neil—Father O'Neil, as he was affectionately called by many not of his faith—was no more.

He died on Monday night, after a short illness. We hope and await from abler and better instructed pens a more adequate record for the life, character, services, and virtues of this excellent priest and pastor, who for many years magnified his holy office before this community, persevering and unceasing discharge of his sacred functions, and in the dispensation of all offices of charity, benevolence and Christian consolation.

The widow, the orphan, or the needy applicant of any class never sought his counsel or aid in vain, and the richest citizen of the Catholic or Protestant proclivities never did him a more acceptable and cherished favor than to make him an almoner of aid.

We may frankly state in full confidence that those conversant with the facts will not hesitate to endorse our statement, that no clergyman that has ever lived or died in this city maintained and left a better report from "those without" and beyond his own fold and flock than the late and now lamented Parish Priest of St. Patrick's.

He reached this city from his native island of true and tender hearts—Ireland, tenderly called in ancient days the "Island of Saints and Doctors"—at an early age, and was among the early recipients of the advantages of education and instruction offered in the school opened by the late beloved John England, Bishop of this Catholic Diocese.

Among his classmates or contemporaries at this school were many who have since grown up into distinction—of these we may mention our present Governor, A. G. Magrath.

Had Bishop England done nothing more than given to this city such a prelate and disciple as Father O'Neil, he would have earned and deserved remembrance.

A good, guileless man—of a noble, generous, gushing heart, of the best Irish type and training and impulses—shaped and trained into the assiduous, faithful discharge of the duties and responsibilities of the highest and most solemn office which can be undertaken by man. Such was he whose removal we now lament and record.

Writing of such a loss, we cannot recognize or assert the distinctions which have been worked out in human creeds or in human manifestations and variations of the Church founded on the Word of God.

We write as Protestants, and with the opinions and views of Protestants, but we know that the tears which will bedew the grave of Father O'Neill will not all fall from Protestant eyes, and we may truly and heartily acknowledge our participation in the general sorrow which his death evokes.

"Pure religion and undefiled before God is this, to visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world." So writes one of the inspired teachers, tersely portraying and presenting no creed of metaphysical abstractions or niceties, but a practical test of *religion*.

The rites of interment will be performed at St. Patrick's Church, corner of St. Philip and Radcliffe streets, at 10.30 A. M., this day, Rev. Mr. Baker officiating.

"WHAR IS THE FRONT?"—It is well known that Wheeler has some splendid troops, and some who are as bad as can be found. These last are scattered from the Ohio river to Savannah. A brave and gallant soldier tells the following:

He was going through North Alabama to join his command. Stopped at a house to get dinner. To old lady's, "Who's young'n's?" replied, "Wheeler's cavalry." "Whar gwine?" "To the front." The old lady put on her spectacles, eyed him intently, and then drawled out: "Mister, so' them fellers you call Wheeler's hoss critters, been gwine by here every day. Some war gwine North, sum gwine South, some East and some West, some this way and some that—they all sed they war gwine to the front; now, mister, kin you tell me whar is the front?" The soldier left.

The heavy tumble in gold during the last few days has excited no little remark. There seems to be a complete re-action from the panic which prevailed a fortnight ago in the specie market. We heard of several considerable sales of gold at forty yesterday, and the demand for sterling exchange is now very slack at thirty-five.

Chas. Mercury, 10th.

TELEGRAPHIC

Reports of the Press Association.

Entered according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1863, by J. S. THRASHER, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the Confederate States for the Northern District of Georgia.

FROM GEN. HOOD.

RICHMOND, Jan. 10th, 1865.

The following dispatch was received last night:

MACON, Jan. 9th, 1864.

To GEN. S. COOPER:—

Gen. Hood reports from Tupelo, on the 6th instant, that Thomas appeared to be moving up the Tennessee river.—Up to 9 o'clock, A. M., on the 6th, scouts report that six gunboats and sixty transports had passed Savannah going East, part loaded with troops and supplies.

G. T. BEAUREGARD.

The following was received to-day, dated Charleston, Jan. 9th:

To His Excellency JEFFERSON DAVIS:—

S. Wheeler's cavalry has been organized under my direct supervision. It now consists of three divisions—eight brigades. It is a well organized and efficient body. The reports of its disorganization and demoralization are without foundation, and depredations as credited to his command can generally be traced to Bond's marauders, claiming to belong to it. I know of nothing at present to add to its efficiency, except the promotion of ——, for which recommendations have been sent in.

Sig'ed, W. J. HARDEE.

NORTHERN NEWS.

RICHMOND, Jan. 10th, 1865.

The New York Times, of the 7th instant, has been received.

The only item of interest is a telegram from the Herald, headed Greely at Washington, copied from the Tribune, indicating that Greely still attaches importance to Blair's peace missions. He says that further and interesting developments await their proposals. Frank Blair has returned to City Point from Washington.

CONFEDERATE CONGRESS.

The House passed the consolidation bill to-day by a vote of yeas 43 to nays 34.

Nothing of importance done in the Senate.

RETURNED PRISONERS.

Among the returned prisoners who arrived at Richmond to-night from Varina, are E. A. Pollard of the Examiner; Col. Mike Wood of the Montgomery Advertiser, and Judge Bash of Marianna, Fla. Some of the most intelligent prisoners report as their conviction and the result of their observation, that the North is tired of the war, and if the Southern people hold out manfully as heretofore, they will secure their independence before next Summer.

BUTLER RELIEVED OF HIS COMMAND.

RICHMOND, Jan. 11th, 1865.

The Examiner of this morning states on the authority of Mr. Pollard, that Butler has been relieved of his command, and ordered to report at Lowell, Massachusetts, his place of residence.

Gen. —— has been assigned to the command of the army of James river.

CONFEDERATE CONGRESS.

In the Senate, Mr. Watson submitted a preamble and joint resolution, which were agreed to, requesting the President to appoint a day of fasting, humiliation and prayer; and then resolved itself into secret session.

In the House, Mr. Miles offered a resolution declaring that all attempts to make peace with the United States, by the action or intervention of the separate States comprising this Confederacy, was unauthorized by the constitution, and in contravention of the supreme law of the land, and therefore revolutionary; that the Confederate States are prosecuting a war to establish their independence and separate power, and that Congress is firmly determined to continue the struggle in which we are involved until the United States acknowledge our independence.—The resolutions were ordered to be printed.

The Senate bill to provide for the payment of interest on the removal and subsistence fund due the Cherokee Indians of North Carolina, was passed. The exemption bill was then taken up, and pending its consideration the House adjourned.

CONFEDERATE CONGRESS.

RICHMOND, Jan'y 12th, 1865.

Mr. Vest [?] of Missouri, recently appointed Senator, appeared in his seat to-day. The Senate passed, with amendments, the House bill to provide clothing for commissioned officers in the navy and marine corps; also passed the Senate bill to regulate payment for the destruction of property under military necessity.

The House concurred in the joint resolution for the observance of the 22d February as a day of fasting, humiliation and prayer. The bill increasing the pay of postmasters and route agents was passed.

Mr. Rives, from the committee on foreign relations, reported back sundry resolutions relative to peace negotiations, with the recommendation that they be laid upon the table, which was agreed to. Mr. Orr, from the same committee, said that he had a report to submit which ought to be considered in secret session, and a motion to *resolve* into secret session was agreed to by one *majority*.

LATER NORTHERN DATES.

RICHMOND, Jan'y 12th, 1865.

The Baltimore American (evening edition) of the 10th inst. has been received. It contains nothing of interest.—Gen. Steadman has ordered the arrest of Clement C. Clay, Sr., who will be sent to Nashville and held as a hostage for Judge Humphreys, who was captured at Huntsville by Gen. Roddy.

Gold 227.

VIRGINIA LEGISLATURE.

In the House of Delegates to-day resolutions were submitted for the appointment of commissioners to confer with the authorities of the other States for commissioners from the United States, as to the best mode of mitigating the horrors of the present war and bringing about an honorable termination of the same. The resolutions were indefinitely postponed by yeas 101 to nays 3.

FRANK P. BLAIR IN RICHMOND.

Frank P. Blair arrived in this city yesterday, and is staying at private quarters. This Evening's Whig says that it is reported that he had an interview last night with the Secretary of War, but there are no developements in regard to the object of his visit.

REFUGEES FROM SAVANNAH—SHERMAN ON THE UNION.

CHARLESTON, Jan. 12th, 1865.

By a flag of truce in the harbor to-day, two hundred and fifty Savannah refugees were received.

The Savannah Republican of the

THE WILMINGTON JOURNAL.

CONFEDERATE STATES OF AMERICA.

WILMINGTON, N. C., THURSDAY, JAN. 19, 1865.

THE SECOND ATTACK UPON WILMINGTON.

As already stated in Saturday's paper, the enemy suddenly appeared off our coast on Thursday night last, and commenced landing on Friday morning at daylight. On Friday they landed a considerable force, differently stated by prisoners to be from ten to fifteen thousand and to be under the command of General Terry. Prisoners differ very much about the number, knowing or professing to know only the force on board the same vessels with themselves, which we think is quite likely. All seem to agree upon the statement that General Terry is in command of the land forces.

On Friday the bombardment of Fort Fisher was heavy, especially so towards nightfall. Up to six o'clock on Friday evening the casualties by the enemy's shelling were some forty-four, four being killed and about forty wounded. In the wounded is included Sergeant Thos. E. King of Southerland's Battery, who was acting as a courier.

Dr. James A. Miller, chief Surgeon, reports fifty-two wounded as being received at Smithville from Fort Fisher on Saturday, also that three were killed, of which the names are given in his dispatch. We cannot as yet say whether these were all killed or wounded on Saturday, or include part of the sufferers on Friday. We learn that on Saturday and yesterday the bombardment continued heavy, although not heard here with any distinctness.

It is pretty certain that the enemy on Saturday had succeeded in extending their lines across to the river, which their skirmishers struck at Craig's Landing—the usual landing of steamers to and from Fort Fisher and Wilmington, and there captured the steamer James R. Grist. On Saturday night or Sunday morning the Grist, thus seized by the enemy, was blown up by the Confederate steamer Chicamauga. The Grist was a small Quartermaster's boat, old and of no great value.

As we write, about mid-day on Sunday—in such times there are no Sundays to which at present we can lay claim,—the last report we have heard is that things remain pretty much in *statu quo*. The enemy are said to be entrenching across the narrow strip of land between Fort Fisher and Sugar Loaf, but had not landed either horses or artillery. Some deserters from the enemy, confined now in the military prison, say that the enemy force consists of seven thousand whites and four thousand negroes. This is perhaps correct. Terry commands.

General Bragg telegraphed Sunday forenoon that all was quiet and that there was no cause for excitement or apprehension. The present attempt of the enemy is evidently destined to be more pertinacious and determined than the last.

Information received here through scouts says that the enemy, four thousand strong, started from Newbern on Thursday or Friday, for an advance upon Kinston and a raid upon the Wilmington and Weldon Road, but turned back, not deeming their numbers sufficient. They will probably start again when reinforced.

KILLED AND WOUNDED.

The following dispatch was received here late on Saturday night:

SMITHVILLE, Jan. 14th, 1864.

Journal—

Fifty two wounded received from Fort Fisher to day.—Sergeant Latham and Gillespie of Adams Light Battery, and Carter of Captain Powell's Company, killed.

JAS. A. MILLER, Surgeon.

LATER.

At half-past six last evening, (Sunday,) the enemy were making a heavy assault by land and sea. The bombardment was going on furiously. Gen. Whiting slightly wounded.

At seven and a half the fighting was still continued at the Fort—the enemy's infantry force far outnumbering ours. It is reported that the enemy had succeeded in establishing a battery on the river above Fort Fisher and below Sugar Loaf, cutting off communication with the North by water. An uneasy feeling pervades the community. The gallant defenders of Fort Fisher are passing through a terrible ordeal. God grant that they may pass through it successfully.

STILL LATER.

The following official dispatch from General Bragg has been kindly handed to us:

SUGAR LOAF, Jan. 15—8 P. M.

The sensational reports about Fisher are entirely unfounded. Official information from Gen. Whiting of later hour reports enemy's attack unsuccessful. Fresh troops are being sent to him, and we are confident they will hold it.

BRAXTON BRAGG.

P. S.—Jan. 16—6 a. m.—Fisher was captured at 8 p. m. last night.

CAPTURE OF FORT FISHER.

Night before last we went quietly to bed satisfied that all was right at Fort Fisher. Our attention, strained to the utmost for days, flagged and we went immediately to sleep. On yesterday morning we woke to find Fort Fisher captured. As we expected, General Whiting fought like a paladin. Both he and Col. Lamb are seriously wounded and in the hands of the enemy.

It is certain that generally the Fort was fought with chivalric bravery. To this there were exceptions, to which, at some future time we may allude as a matter of justice to others. We cannot say when that time may occur.

For the present it is enough for us to know that Fort Fisher has fallen; that a division of infantry in the field were in gun-shot and did not fire a gun to save it, that we know of, and that heroic men like Whiting, Lamb, and others are prisoners—that the last port of the Confederacy is gone, and that it ought to have been saved.

We will not trust ourselves to say more. If we said anything, we might, possibly, give vent to our feelings. We do place the responsibility for our failure, but if we once commenced we might give too wide a vent.—Our port *ought not to have fallen*. There *is* a responsibility—that responsibility will hereafter appear.

So far as we can see, the enemy cannot get to the town. We say—"so far as we can see," for we place no reliance upon what we cannot judge for ourselves.—On Sunday night, awfully tired, we slept quietly, thinking that all was right, depending upon an official despatch. We found the thing totally different.

It is not our part to give advice to our citizens.—There are so many that, under any circumstances, *cannot* leave, while there are so many that, under any circumstances, *must* leave, that no single rule could apply to all. Every man's conscience must be his own judge. We need hardly say what we will do, or try to do—Our course, we presume, is anticipated. We are Confederates. If we lose, why we lose.

But we see no reason why we, more than Mobile, should be taken. God only knows why our outer defences were taken; we do not; we have lost many good and true friends; we may lose many more. We fear that they were sacrificed. Such is the impression we have derived from all we have heard and otherwise learned.

There is no doubt but that there is a strong excitement against Gen. Bragg. There can be no doubt either, that Gen. Bragg has attached to him the *prestige* of bad luck. Unfortunately he always has that *prestige*. Permanent bad luck means permanent bad management, somewhere. A man with this prestige ought not to have been sent here.

Some people never learn anything, and never forget anything; as, for instance, the Bourbons and the high old "Conservatives" in this State, who, for once, did seem to co operate with the Richmond cliques in maligning Gen. Whiting, and demanding somebody else. They appear to have got their desires gratified. Gen. Whiting is wounded and a prisoner. Is Gov Vance perfectly satisfied? He, we know, was one of the agents in over riding, superseding and trying to ruin Gen. Whiting. All right, we suppose, in a party point of view.—*Daily Journal, 17th.*

No person can have occupied the position of an editor for any length of time without discovering the necessity of carefully reading his exchanges, not so much for what he may be able to obtain from them directly, as for what they are almost certain to suggest. We have had our attention drawn to matters which would otherwise have escaped our notice, by seeing that others had touched upon them, perhaps bringing forward propositions to which we could not at all assent. There are so many ways in which any subject can be viewed that frequently the best view is first indicated by its opposition to some peculiarly erroneous or objection able ones, by which alone, perhaps, your attention is drawn to the subject.

We confess that we do not think our exchanges ever did us as little good as they do now. We read most of them as carefully as the circumstances of the case will permit, and somehow fall back upon ourselves unsatisfied and unstimulated by any fresh or vigorous idea. The Richmond papers too frequently come to us full of propositions which must suggest to the enemy, if not to our own people, the idea that our cause is desperate, and is so considered. Some of the Georgia papers, (notably the *Chronicle and Sentinel*) go even farther. They counsel not even the snatching of courage from desperation;—they leave little reason to doubt that tame submission is the policy to which they are striving to familiarize the public mind. Some papers in our own State are little better, but they do not seem to receive so much countenance from the people, and, as a general thing, the press of North Carolina is sound, as indeed is the *press of the Confederacy*, as a whole; *and its* firm tone does much for the cause, we think, nay, we feel certain. But with the exception of the wild propositions of the Richmond papers, and the hardly disguised treason of some of the Georgia papers, there is a total lack of anything new or suggestive or calculated to turn the mind out of the doleful rut in which it has been so long running.

Something did suggest a comforting idea to us this (Saturday) forenoon:—It is known that there have been tremendous freshets in nearly all our Southern rivers. The Roanoke has been tearing away farms, breaking dams and washing off bridges, and the Neuse has been following suit. All the rivers in South Carolina have been and are mightily swollen, so much so, we learn, that Sherman has pretty certainly been forced back into Savannah. An immediate movement on his part is said to be improbable.

Now, we feel assured that the attack on Wilmington and the advance of Sherman in South Carolina were intended to be simultaneous, but it would appear as though Providence had again interfered to prevent the success of the enemy. Unless we are very much mistaken he cannot advance for some time to come. God is on our side here, or at least circumstances have occurred and are occurring that look very much like a special intervention on our behalf. The belief is a comforting—a reassuring belief—and we do not wish to permit any scepticism to deprive ourselves or others of the strength and confidence it imparts.

Reckless Mischief.—On Saturday morning Mr. Eilers, residing at the Northwest corner of Orange and Fifth streets, found between thirty and forty feet of the iron railing of his lot on Fifth street, torn from the coping and very much injured.

At any time the loss and inconvenience would be far from inconsiderable; at this time they are almost incalculable. There seems to have been no motive save mere recklessness, as none of the iron was carried off, and Mr. Eilers is unconscious of having given offence to any parties likely to perpetrate such an outrage from malicious motives. No doubt it was done in what some very mistaken people will probably designate as a "frolic"—perhaps look upon as "fun." Now this is no fun at all. Where, may we ask, does the joke come in? Simply by brute force to destroy property and to admit stray cows to destroy more, is neither wise nor witty. It is simply very foolish and very wrong. It is excuted by no sort of assignable motive or reason

Mr. Eilers thinks the thing was done about 11 o'clock on Friday night, or perhaps later. We need hardly add that liquor gets a considerable portion of the credit of this foolish and mischievous transaction. We might say more about some parties going around town for "fun," and perhaps meaning it, but as we trust that these things will not be repeated, we rest the case after offering the hints above given. We do hope that they will be taken.

The Cape Fear River near Elizabethtown, Bladen county, appeared in rather a new character last week, having, by its rise, been the means of taking five Yankee prisoners who had made their escape from Florence, S. C., and were trying to get over the Cape Fear, with the view of getting down to the enemy's lines at Newbern. The rapid rise of the river caught them while waiting on a point on the bank, after having in vain tried to get ferried over. They were discovered by a negro, to whom they made signs and who gave information to some citizens, who got them off and took them in charge. They were delivered to the military authorities here on Friday afternoon. Col. John A. Richardson and another gentleman, a citizen of Bladen county, came down in charge of them. The party consisted of a corporal and four men, all looking hale and hearty.

Sherman.—There is pretty strong reason to believe that Sherman commenced some movement on Friday or Saturday last from Port Royal Harbor. Any movem nt undertaken from that place seems necessarily designed to operate against some point in South Carolina.

From sundry givings out in Northern papers it might be inferred that a part of Sherman's forces from Savannah under Slocum, were intended to move against Augusta, and thence strike across to Columbia, S. C., distant about seventy-five miles across the country. We yet think that the freshets still prevailing in Georgia and the Carolinas must seriously interfere with any *immediate* movements, although we cannot calculate upon this interference lasting over a few days.

The following list comprises all the wounded that have been received so far at General Hospital No. 4:

Capt James S Lane, Co. D, 40th N C T, eyes, slight.
Daniel Benfield, Co. K, 42d N C T, mouth, dangerously—Charlotte, N C.
W T Thigpen, Co. D, 66th N C, contusion of face—Kinston, N C.
W B Kennedy, Co H, 66th N C, contusion of hip—Hallsville, N C.
Elijah Watters, Co. D, 66th N C, contusion—Jacksonville, N C.
W A Darrell, Co. H, 27th Georgia, gunshot in back, severe—McDonald, Geo.
John C Smith, Co. A, 27th Georgia, contusion shoulders, severe—Tasswell, Geo.
Andrew White, Co. D, 27th Geo., shot through groin, severe—Gainesville, Geo.
Daniel E Simms, Co. H, 51st N C, finger—Fayetteville, N C.
Josiah L Watts, Co. H, 8th N C, flesh wound cheek—Mount Pleasant, N C.
Josiah Young Co. I, 8th N C, contusion right hand—McRae's Store, N C.

With the exception of Capt. Land, the above were all wounded in skirmishing in the neighborhood of Sugar Loaf.

We regret to learn that some considerable injury has been done to the Wateree trestle-work, between this place and Kingsville. Some injury has probably been done to the Manchester Road at other points, but of this we have no positive information.

The injury to the Piedmont Road is much less than had been supposed.

So far as we are able to learn there has been no movement of importance among the Yankee troops since the capture of Fort Fisher. On yesterday it was stated, upon what appeared to be good authority, that only two of the gunboats had as yet made their appearance in the river, opposite Fort Fisher, the rest of the fleet still lying off.

We have endeavored to obtain some particulars in regard to the fight, but matters are in so confused a state that no two reports agree, and unless we can get the truth we prefer publishing nothing. All reports concur, however, in stating that General Whiting and Colonel Lamb fought gallantly, leading the troops to repel each assault, and never gave up, but were overpowered or shot down. Others also fought bravely and well, and are deserving of all praise.

We understand that when the enemy had gained the parapets of the Fort and planted their flag, Gen. Whiting two or three times tore the flag down, and only desisted when he was shot down and unable to rise.

A communication has been received from the commander of the Federal forces, Gen Terry, stating that Gen. Whiting's wounds were of a serious nature, but not mortal. We trust that he may soon recover.

Col. Lamb, we believe, received a serious wound in his thigh, from a minnie ball.

Forts Holmes and Caswell were evacuated by our troops on Monday, as was expected, the capture of Fisher rendering the holding of these points as useless to us. A tremendous explosion was heard and felt in town about 1½ o'clock on Tuesday morning, supposed to have been produced by the blowing up of the magazines at the above Forts.—*Daily Journal, 18th inst.*

The Key Stone: A Monthly Masonic Magazine, Published by Wm B. Smith & Co., Raleigh, N. C., January, 1865. Terms, $10 for six months.

This is the first number of a new Masonic publication, the only one now published in the Confederacy.—It is, for the times, well gotten up, and appears to be every way worthy of the patronage of the ancient and honorable fraternity to whose interests it is devoted.

THE RING OF THE TRUE METAL.

The following copy of a letter written by a North Carolinia soldier now serving before Petersburg, has been handed to us for publication, and we think it well worthy of being set before our readers. It will speak for itself:—

CAMP NEAR PETERSBURG,
Dec'r 1st, 1864.

My Dear Brother: Yours of the 20th ult. is now before me. I am truly glad to hear that you are well, but your views on the war, and the very little importance which you attach to the achievement of our independence, met me with surprise and sincere regret. Now you are my brother, and I do not mean to write anything offensive to you, and I hope you will not construe it in that way. Your views on the prospects of our cause are quite different to mine. When I entered the service nearly four years ago, I was actuated by a sense of duty which I believed every lover of his country, in my situation, owed. I believed our cause was just, and I entered the service with the determination to do my duty, as long it pleased an All-wise Providence to give me health and strength. Three years tramping from the banks of the Potomac to the rice ponds of South Carolina, with a due portion of the time in front of the enemy's batteries, has fully sustained me in that belief, and to-day I sincerely believe that our prospects are as bright as ever. I believe the efforts of our government and leaders have been unceasing, and, taking everything into consideration, I think we have done extremely well.—The old Army of Northern Virginia has often met and thrashed three times its number, and yet defies their boasted General, with his unlimited supplies of men and war material.

We must recollect with what difficulties the independence of '76 was won. Compare the resources of the country then and the resources of the Confederate States at present. I think if you will carefully look over the past you will find that nations have won their independence under much greater difficulties than we are laboring under.

You seem to think that the times are gloomier than ever. Are you ready to bow in humble submission to the blind fanaticism of the North? Are you ready to disgrace the very cause for which so much precious blood has been spilt? I know you, and the command to which you belong, are capable of better things. I would say to you, then—Away with this unnecessary despondency; arouse to a sense of your manhood; put your trust in the Most High and Jeu God, and do battle like men. Do not allow the dispositions of a few speculators and extortioners, who are the worst enemies to our cause, to lead you into the belief that the Confederacy is gone up the spout. Think of those who have fallen on the glorious battle-fields of Virginia. Cherish their memories and profit by their example.

Brother, I must bring my letter to a close. We have just received orders to get ready to move. We have been expecting them to which us for several days. Through the blessing of God we shall be able to drive him back when ever he approaches. You must write soon.

I am as ever, your devoted brother,

HENRY.

YANKEE COMPLIMENTS TO ENGLAND.

The New York Tribune, in commenting on the insolent letter of Seward in regard to the rejection of the contributions at Liverpool for the benefit of Confederate prisoners, says:

We know that we possess the power without taking away a single soldier now facing the rebels, to brush away Canada like so much cobweb; and without taking a single vessel from our blockade, to sink every ship in the British navy as if they were but cockle shells. Yet it would be little or no trouble to put England and Englishmen on their better behavior. Whatever does not seriously damage us we let pass with but a scornful word or two. Whatever does seriously damage us, we quietly reserve for future settlement.

One sees in this what a terrible stomach for war the Yankees, as represented by Greeley, have. John Bull ought to feel ashamed of himself. These people take him by the nose, as they please—spit on him—call him liar—coward—and he says nothing. There is no man at the head of the British Government, and in that, perhaps, the reason may be found.

Mobile Tribune

Old Abe's "First."—As we have often given Uncle Abe's "last," suppose we favor our readers with one of his "first" jokes.

The following is said to have occurred long before Mr Lincoln became a man of note:

Being in the woods hunting one day, he fell in with a most truculent looking hunter, who immediately took a sight on him with a rifle.

"Hallo!" says Lincoln, "what are you going to do, stranger?" "See here friend," said the hunter, "the folks in my settlement told me that if I ever saw a man uglier than I was, then I must shoot him, and I've found him at last, so look out."

"Well," said Lincoln, after a good look at the hunter, "shoot away; for if I am uglier than you are, I certainly don't want to live any longer."

GOD'S TILLAGE GROUND.

A husbandman named Otho, called one day on his neighbor Godfrey, and said, "I have for many years observed your life and actions; but one thing has already appeared to me most excellent, and, at the same time, most extraordinary. Although your lot has been very variable, and many troubles have befallen you and your family, still your countenance appears bright and peaceful, and your conversation and actions are the same on your unfortunate as your happy days. Teach me how you are able for such things!"

Godfrey answered, "That will I do in a few words. My own vocation and my daily labors are my instructors. Behold I have learned to consider myself and my life as a tillage field."

At these words, Otho looked up as if he did not understand his friend who went on. "Behold, my brother, when troubles come, I think of the plough and harrow, which turn up the earth. I then search for the waste spot in my own heart, and for the weeds which flourish therein. These must be eradicated, or every exertion will be in vain to make the fruit flourish.—Sometimes I look upon my troubles as a thunder storm, which at first appears dark and threatening, but which afterwards draws down rain and clears the air; and then, I think, when this is over the sun will shine again. It is thus that I consider myself and my life a tillage field. Dare the field to say to the plough, "What doest thou here?"

"But," said Otho, "you tell me of the fruits instead of the root; tell me how you arrived at these thoughts and meditations."

And Godfrey answered and said, "Can spiritual gifts come from any one but from Him who sends rain and sunshine on our fields and who causes the ground to produce food for us to eat? Behold, we are God's tillage grounds."—*Extract from Krumacher.*

A Republic to Let.

There was a time when the proud mistress of the world was auctioned off by her prætorian band; these soldiers of fortune receiving each, what would be the equivalent of one thousand dollars, for their agency in this shameful transaction. It is true that they transferred the symbols of authority to a citizen of Rome. They made no over ure to foreign powers—for, in truth, there were none to whom they could have applied.—Rome vaunted herself as "mistress of the world," and could not look to her dependencies to guarantee her continued existence. She transferred them, with herself, to the wealthy senator who bought the Empire.—It was a change of masters simply, effected in a strange, unusual manner.

Now, whilst there may really be no points of analogy between our case and that we have cited, it has been brought forcibly to our mind in connection with the proposition made in some of the newspapers, to transfer ourselves in colonial vassalage to some foreign Power or Powers; England, France and Spain, the original proprietors of our soil being indicated. The republic is to let, and we will give it to whatever Power is willing to undertake the task, and capable of accomplishing the work of its redemption and deliverance from the danger of Yankee domination! But, are we quite sure that we can transfer ourselves for a consideration; or even give our republic away? There was a time when we said that "Cotton is King;" little dreaming then that his kingdom was a myth, a bubble; that, in short, it was nothing, or so regarded by those who, though we had supposed them involved in its destiny, think it so little worth that they will not even bid for it. We are told that Lincoln has agreed to recognize the government of Maximilian by sending a Minister to it, on condition that France will not interfere in the American rebellion; and that such assurance has been given. There can be no doubt that Lincoln would give the Monroe Doctrine to the dogs for such an assurance as this from the Western Powers; and we think it very probable, that it may have been extorted from France with the condition annexed. It is quite certain, also, that if France has given this assurance, England could not be induced to espouse our cause on any terms; and as for the perfidious Spaniards, with their effete and rotten government, we should give them a wide berth. Upon the whole, therefore, though we may, like the pusillanimous guards, announce the republic to let, we are not likely to get a bidder. We have to fight the great battle unaided and alone; and God helping us, we can accomplish our own proud destiny without other assistance.

It is true that the moral sentiments of the world is against us because of our peculiar institution; and we would secure a greater amount of moral support were we to agree upon some plan of gradual emancipation, but it is for our statesmen and people to determine whether we would derive any sufficient compensation in the moral sympathy of the world, for the sacrifice. For ourself, we may say, that we would give up our little interest in the institution, and make any other sacrifice for independence and liberty, that might be deemed necessary; but that is as much as any single individual, be he President, or plain untitled citizen, can say at present. No man is authorized to commit the whole people and country, at this time, any further. No matter how this struggle may eventuate, slavery in some form or other, in effect, if not in name, will exist in these Southern States—if they exist—for generations to come.—Negro labor is indispensable here, and so long as the black race remains on this continent, they will be hewers of wood and drawers of water for the superior race. No imperial ukase of Abraham Lincoln can abolish a law of nature and of God; and if He wills the continuance of an institution established on the earth by his command, the end of it is not yet.

"Blind unbelief is sure to err
And scan his work in vain.
God is his own interpreter
And he will make it plain."

We may therefore safely await the further developments of Providence.

Italy.—The Italian Senate has adopted, by a vote of 134 against 47, the bill for the transfer of the Italian capital to Florence. The Minister of Finance stated in the House of Deputies that the capital would be transferred as soon as the bills relating to the organic change would be disposed of by Parliament. Gen. Cialdini stated in Parliament that a compromise with Austria was not possible, and General LaMarmora concurred in this view.

Reinforcements.—As we pen these lines, glad shouts, ringing louder and louder in the night air, greet our ear. They come from the hearts of our own gallant sons, led by a South Carolinian, who has, with his sword, engraven his name upon the tablets of fame; they come from the veterans of a hundred fields, now for the first time, in a terrible war of nearly four years, called upon to battle for liberty on the soil of their own beloved State. The record they have won in other States presages what they will do in the defence of their mother. We bid them, and we know with us the entire State will bid them, welcome home.

Columbia Carolinian

From the Raleigh Conservative

It is really amusing to see with what self complacency the Editor of the Standard assumes to be the embodiment of Conservatism in the country. He summons up everybody before him, and weighs them in his balance, and sets them down as Conservative or Destructive with a degree of coolness only equalled by that displayed by him, when he was teaching the doctrine of the constitutional right of the States peaceably to secede before the war.

To one ignorant of the political history of the States and reading his paper only for the last two or three months, the fact that he had ever taught such a doctrine, threatened the *Abolitionist* of the North with the speedy putting it in practice in order to remedy the evils growing out of their machinations against the South and her institutions, would be incomprehensibly strange. Still more so would be the coolness with which he assumes to be the embodiment of public sentiment in North Carolina since the events of last summer's campaign. In his issue of the 10th instant we find the following:

"*Who acts with the Destructives?* Governor Vance, a few of his friends and the *Conservative* newspaper."

We believe he has never very clearly defined what he means by the term "Destructive." If by it he means those who were instrumental in breaking up the old government, and charges this as a crime, we assert that he fills the full measure of his own definition. We concede that he did not urge the secession of North Carolina immediately upon the election of Lincoln, but he had previously done more than any other man in the State, to inculcate the doctrine of the right among the masses, and to embitter sectional strife; in short, "to instruct the Southern mind and fire the Southern heart." When the man who puts the knife, "all burnished bright," into the hands of the assassin, and inflames his passion to deafness, can exculpate himself from the bloody deed by crying "Hold!" "Hold!" then may the Editor of the Standard truly exculpate himself from crime, in originating this war, if indeed, a crime it be. Then, and not till then, may the Standard claim to sit in judgment on the conduct of others for originating this war, and brand the original secessionists as "Destructives," if it sees proper. But even then for it to arrogate the right to arraign Governor Vance and the whole body of Conservatives who supported him last summer, who never maintained the *doctrine of the right, peaceably to secede*, before his political star chamber, and brand them as "Destructives," is in strange *harmony* with the history of the past, and the practices and principles of the present.

St. Petersburg Police.—A letter from St. Petersburg tells this story: A great local landowner had a large sum, 43,000 silver roubles, to receive through the police office of the town of Orel. On applying for the amount he was told that the money could not be handed over to him unless he presented the office with 5,000 silver roubles. He refused, and immediately reported the case to St. Petersburg, and the money was paid over to him. But on the evening of the same day, as he was quietly smoking in his study, a loud ring was heard at the bell. The servant on opening the door, was instantly pinioned, and four men, their faces covered with black crape, rushed into the room. The landowner asked them what they wanted; they plainly told him he must hand over the 43,000 rubles. With the greatest coolness he went over to his strong box, opened it, seized a revolver which was laid on the top shelf, and shot two of the robbers dead, the other two immediately taking to their heels. He then sent for assistance, the police, &c., and on the crape being removed from the faces of the dead men, they were recognized as the head of the police and his secretary.

A very talkative little girl used often to annoy her mother by making remarks about the visitors that came to the house. On one occasion a gentleman was expected, whose nose had been accidently flatted to his face. The mother cautioned her child particularly to say nothing about this feature. Imagine her consternation when the little one exclaimed "Ma, you told me not to say anything about Mr. Smith's nose; why, he has'nt got any!"

From the Charlottesville Chronicle.

PEDIGREE OF THE LEE FAMILY.

Mr. E. C. Mead, of this county, (as we have previously mentioned) has exhibited to us, a very ancient and valuable historical document, which is the pedigree of the Lee family from the thirteenth century to A. D. 1666. This venerable manuscript, which bears date 1750 was received by Mr. Mead (who is a gentleman of intelligence and character) from his mother, Mrs Mead (widow of Rev. Zachariah Mead, formerly of Richmond) Mrs. Mead received it from her father, who received it from his father, General Hall. It consists of several large sheets and is written partly in Latin and partly in English. Accompanying the Pedigree are some mutilated Deeds, which although much injured, exhibit the descending rights and titles to various lands. These deeds are in Latin, and written on the old stamped paper of England, and to the antiquarian are a rare object of curiosity and interest.

The genealogy of the Lees of Virginia from 1666, just where this Pedigree breaks off, is well known, and may be found in Bishop Meade's well known work on "The Old Churches and Families of Virginia."

The Manuscript commences abruptly with the name of "Hugo de Lega or de Lee," without date. The first name with date is that of Johes de Lee, Miles, to whom Hugo de Hinton gave the lands as by the old chart. Opposite this name is the date 1333. The father of Johes de Lee was Thomas de la Lee. The simple name of Lee occurs first as Ricardus Lee of Langly, about the year 1500. The first name of Robert is Robertus de la Lee, son of Johes de la Lee; he married Margarita, daughter and heir of Thomas Astly of Nordly, about 1400. The first name written in English is Thomas Lee of Corton in Kings Nordley in the Parish of Alvely, who was son of Johannes Lee. He married Dorothy, daughter of Richard Oreley, of Pitchford, and had seven children. The first age mentioned is that of Lancelot Lee, of Cotton, Esquire, aged 70 years, A. D. 1663. He married Elizabeth, daughter of Henry Gourh, of Wolverhampton, who was his second wife. His first wife was Jane, daughter of Thomas Clemson, by whom he had three children, 1. John, who died unmarried; 2. Thomas, a barrister, who married Dorothy, daughter of John Elred, a barrister of Lincoln's Inn (1663;) 3. *Richard*, of the Parish of St. Olaves, in the Borough of Southwork (A. D. 1663) This Richard Lee came to Virginia in the reign of Charles I., and is the ancestor of the Lees of this State and Maryland. He married Elizabeth, daughter of Walter Langdon, of ——, in Cornwall. His issue is not given in the MS, which stops with his elder brother, Thomas Lee.

By his second wife, Lancelot Lee had seven children; Lancelot, citizen of London; Thomas, citizen and draper of London; Humphrey, of Cliffords; Dorothy, Elizabeth, Ann and Jane.

The children of Thomas Lee, were Elred, Lancelot, Thomas, John and Dorothy. This branch of the family ends (as does the MS) with the coat of arms of Lancelot Lee.

We of course omit most of the names, it being unnecessary to follow all the branches of the family.

There are several coats of arms on the manuscript. That of Ricardus Lee, of the direct line, is as follows: A shield with a crescent of a squirrel sejant, eating a nut or flower; a lion in rampant gardant in sinister chief; a star in precise middle chief; dexter chief a blood red field with embattled bars of blue and yellow. The dexter base a black cross on white field with a lion's head crowned in one corner. The middle precise base is a chevron of white on a red field, a white bar the lesse point on a green field. The sinister base the same as the dexter chief.

The Lancelot arms are a shield with crescent squirrel—dexter chief red field with blue and embattled bars. Sinister chief a star on blue field. Dexter base same as sinister chief, and sinister base same as dexter chief. There are no middle divisions on this shield. The prevailing white indicates royalty—the star, grandeur—the lion, courage—the red, war—the cross, religion, and, with the crowned lion, denotes the Church of England.

The Pedigree was extracted from the London Tower, and is certified by Charles Townley, York and John Pomfret, Rouge Croix, Aug. 1st, 1750.

Richard Lee, who came to Virginia in the reign of Charles I., was of a good family, Shropshire, and his son William Lee speaks of his picture being (as he is told) "at *Cotton* in Shropshire, near Bridgeworth, the seat of Lancelot Lee, Esq." He came to the Colony of Virginia as Secretary and one of the King's Privy Council. He settled permanently in Virginia, and exercised great influence. It was he who, with the assistance of Sir William Berkeley, on the death of Cromwell, had Virginia (which was *independent* under the Protectorate) reunited with England—having Charles II proclaimed King of England, Scotland, France, Ireland and Virginia—two years before the Restoration. It was in consequence of this step that the ancient motto of the Virginians was: "*En dat Virginia quintam.*"

This Richard Lee had several children: John and Richard the two eldest. Richard was a great scholar, devoting his whole life to study, and a member of the Council of Virginia. He married a Corbin, and had five sons—Richard, Philip, Francis, Thomas, Henry, and one daughter (who married William Fitzhugh of King George.) Richard settled in London as a Virginia merchant. His children came back to Virginia. George married a Wormly—then a Fairfax. One daughter married a Corbin; another a Turberville.—Philip, the second son of Richard Lee, settled in Maryland. Francis, the third son, died a bachelor. Thomas, the fourth son, married a Ludwell, one of the most influential families in the Colony. The issue of this marriage was six sons—Philip Ludwell, Thomas Ludwell, Richard Henry, Francis Lightfoot, William and Arthur—and two daughters. Philip Ludwell Lee married a Miss Steptoe. He succeeded his father on the estate of Stratford in Westmoreland. He left two daughters, Matilda, the eldest, married General Henry Lee of the Revolution; and Flora married Mr. Ludwell Lee, of Loudoun. Thomas Ludwell Lee settled in Stafford, and married a Miss Aylett. Richard Henry Lee was educated in England; he married first a Miss Aylett, and then a Miss Pinkard. Francis Lightfoot Lee was almost as distinguished in the Revolutionary period, as an orator and a statesman, as his brother—He married the daughter of Col. John Taylor, of Richmond county. The fifth son, William, was Sheriff and Alderman of the City of London. Arthur, the sixth and youngest son, as a scholar, writer, philosopher, and diplomatist, was one of the first men of his day.

Henry Lee, the fifth son of Richard Lee, married a Bland. This is the ancestor of our General Lee. His son Richard was Squire Lee, of Lee Hall. His only daughter married a Fitzhugh. Henry, the third son, married a Miss Grymes, and left five sons and three daughters, viz: Henry, who was Colonel in the Revolution, Charles, Richard Bland, Theodoric and Edmund; also, Mary, Lucy and Annie.

General Henry Lee married twice. First, with Matilda, daughter of Philip Ludwell Lee, by whom he had a son, Henry, and a daughter, Lucy; and afterwards with Ann, daughter of Charles Carter, of Shirley, by whom he had three sons, Charles Carter, Robert Edmund and Sydney Smith—and two daughters, Ann and Mildred. General Henry Lee resided at Stratford.

Henry Lee, the son of the first wife, was a Major in the war of 1812, and wrote the "Strictures on the Writings of Jefferson"—also a Life of Napoleon Bonaparte. Sydney Smith Lee was a Commodore in the old U. S. Navy, and is now Chief of the Bureau of orders and Detail, Navy Department in Richmond. He commanded at Drewry's Bluff for a long time. Robert Edmund Lee is at Petersburg—the *General Lee* of this day.

He married Miss Custis, of Arlington in Alexandria county, the daughter and heiress of George Washington Parke Custis, the adopted son of General Washington, who married Mrs. Custis, his mother.

General Lee has three sons—Brig. Gen. G. W. Custis Lee, aid de camp to the President (he passed No. 1 at West Point;) Maj. Gen. W. H. F. Lee, commanding a division of cavalry in the army of Northern Virginia; and Robert Edmund Lee, who entered the army, at the instance of his father, as a private in the Rockbridge Artillery. He is now on the staff of Gen. Fitzhugh Lee. Besides these children, Gen. Lee had four daughters, Mary, Anne, Agnes and Mildred, all of them unmarried, and one of whom (Anne) has died during the war. Gen. W. H. F. Lee married a Miss Wickham, who died a year or two since.

Gen. Fitzhugh Lee, of the cavalry, is the son of Commodore Lee.

[The Pedigree to which we have referred, Mr. Mead proposes in a few days to carry to Petersburg and present to Gen. Lee.]

The Campaign.—Some of our cotemporaries have flattered themselves, and are endeavoring to flatter their readers into the belief that the campaign is over—and that there will be no more fighting for the present. We wish it was so—but we fear not. We fear that events will show that Sherman has but just commenced his campaign. That campaign, in our opinion, will be conducted mostly in South Carolina, and a fearful one it will be unless steps are taken to check it—if checked it can be.—*Augusta Chronicle.*

From the North Carolina Presbyterian.

A MOTHER'S PRAYER.

Up to me sweet childhood looketh,
Heart and mind and soul awake,
Teach me thy ways, O Father,
For sweet childhood's sake.

In these young hearts soft and tender
Guide my hand good seed to sow,
That its blessed mingle may praise thee
Wherese'er they go.

Give to me a cheerful spirit,
That my little flock may see
It is good and pleasant service,
To be taught of Thee.

Father, order all my footsteps,
So direct my daily way,
That in following Thee, my Children
May not go astray.

Let thy holy counsel lead me,
Let thy light before me shine,
That they may not stumble ever
Word or deed of mine.

Draw us hand in hand to Jesus
For his world's sake unto go:
Let your little ones come to me,
And forbid them not."

Praying over it.—In early life Stonewall Jackson had been rather irreligious, but some time after entering upon his duties as professor in the Virginia Military Institute, he made a profession of religion and joined the Presbyterian church at Lexington, under the pastorate of the Rev. Dr. White. There was a marked change in his life, but for some time he took no active part in church matters. At last a faithful Elder took him aside one day, and asked if he "did not think that he ought to lead in prayer, and participate in the other active duties of the church?" He promptly replied, "No, I do not think that it is my duty." "Have you prayed over it, Major?" persisted the Elder. "No sir, I have not, but will do so." The next day the Elder saw him walking rapidly by his door without stopping, as was his wont, and fearing that he was trying to avoid the subject of the previous evening's conversation, he determined not to let the matter rest, and coming after him to stop, accosted him with, "Have you complied with your promise, Major, and made that matter a subject of prayer?" "Yes, sir," said he, "and I was just on my way to tell Dr. White to call on me to lead in prayer at the prayer meeting to night." From that day he became one of the most active members of the church.

A Good Example.—It is said that when the celebrated Sir Christopher Wren was building St. Paul's Cathedral, London, of which he was the architect, he caused a placard to be stuck up, positively prohibiting profane swearing among the employees, under pain of instant dismissal. Even those addicted to the vice of swearing, could hardly fail to approve so becoming a regulation. The horrible incongruity of building a house for God's honor and service, and of profaning, as it were, the very stones, by taking his name in vain, must have been obvious to every one. Let Sir Christopher's example be followed.

We, of this Confederacy, are erecting a structure, vaster far, and much more enduring, we trust, than that stately pile, at once the pride of England's capital, and the monument of its illustrious architect; a structure, too, which should be equally to God's honor and praise. We are laying the foundations, and rearing the walls of a new nation. Dissevered from our late associates in the government we once delighted to support and honor, we are at work putting in their place the massy stones of another and a better one—laying them amidst toils and hardships unexampled, and cementing them with our best blood. Shall these sacred precepts, and this noble work be polluted by proclamations of the awful and holy name of that Almighty One, who alone is able to give success to our undertaking? Wonderfully has he blessed us thus far. Amidst hostilities, fierce, formidable, and unceasing, the work has gone steadily on, until those who once doubted now readily admit that the structure is to stand. An unseen, but ever present hand has been stretched out for our protection. Let it not be said, that those who are enduring hardship, and exposing life, to forward the great edifice, are forgetful of their obligations to the Providence who has thus favored us—Let God's name be heard in our ranks and throughout our land, only in tones of reverence and devotion. Let such a thing as an oath no more escape a soldier's lips. Prayer and praise should attend the rearing of our national structure—not profanity.—*Soldiers' Visitor.*

A Davout Regiment.—The following is an extract from a letter of an officer of the 18th Va. Cavalry, Lee boden's Brigade. It refers to the fight of Gen. Imboden before the main battle near New Market:

"Before

TELEGRAPHIC

Reports of the Press Association.

Entered according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1863, by J. S. THRASHER, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the Confederate States for the Northern District of Georgia.

CONFEDERATE CONGRESS.

RICHMOND, Jan'y 14th, 1865.

The Senate was in secret session to day.

The House resumed the consideration of the exemption bill. The clause in the present law relative to ministers of the gospel was re-adopted.

FROM THE UNITED STATES.

RICHMOND, Jan. 14th, 1865.

Northern papers, of the 12th inst., have been received.

The American says that Butler's farewell address to the army of the James is in excessive bad taste, and reads more like a Mexican pronunciamento than the address of a New England General. His removal, it is said, was made by the President, at the request of Grant.

Butler tells the troops in his address that he has refused to obey orders to sacrifice their lives, and that their wasted blood does not stain his garments.

The Missouri State Convention, by a vote of 60 to 4, has passed the ordinance of emancipation abolishing slavery in that State.

Burnside has tendered his resignation.

The Galt House at Louisville, a well known hotel, was destroyed by fire on the 11th inst.

The Union State Convention assembled at Nashville on the 11th. Samuel Rodgers, of Knox county, was elected president. A bitter discussion arose on the basis of voting. East Tennessee wanted each county to have one vote for every hundred cast against separation in 1861.—This was carried amid intense excitement, and the Convention adjourned.

Confirm the report of the evacuation of that post and Van Buren by the Federal forces. Another telegram says that Fort Smith is not evacuated.

Gold on the 12th was quoted at 219.

Some of the operators have evidently let the first part of this dispatch pass, an occurrence of late far more frequent than either right or pleasant. There seems to be no great, any care exercised.—JOURNAL.

FURTHER NORTHERN NEWS

RICHMOND, Jan. 15th, 1865.

Northern papers of the 13th instant have been received.

On Thursday the Yankee senate adopted a resolution to terminate the Canadian reciprocity treaty, by yeas 31 to nays 5. There is now no further doubt of the termination of the treaty.

A telegram from Cairo, Jan. 12th, says that Forrest is reported to be concentrating a large force at Paris. The same dispatch gives some details of Grierson's raid. Gen. Grolson is mentioned as among the Confederates captured.

A telegram from Wheeling says that the enemy under Rosser captured the town of Beverly and a large portion of the force defending it, on the 11th.

McClellan will leave New York for Europe on tour early in February.

James Guthrie has been elected Senator from Kentucky to succeed Powell.

Gold 220.

BLAIR'S VISIT TO RICHMOND.

RICHMOND, Jan. 15th, 1865.

Frank P. Blair left by flag of truce boat on yesterday. Col. J. W. Singleton, of Illinois, a prominent peace Democrat, arrived on the return trip and took lodgings at the Spottswood Hotel. It is understood that Blair had a private and confidential interview with the President. He came in no official capacity and has had no official intercourse with any member of the government.

The belief in well informed circles is that this interview may lead to a conference between authorized agents or commissioners of the two governments. It is known that the President will permit no obstacle of any form to stand in the way of sending or receiving commissioners.

EUROPEAN NEWS.

RICHMOND, Jan'y 15th, 1865.

European advices of the 31st ult. have been received.—The London Times, alluding to the present attitude of the United States to Canada, says: In the present state of Northern feeling there is much reason to apprehend some outrage which may render a rupture inevitable. The Americans neither appreciate the strength of England nor understand the unanimity with which a war would be prosecuted if forced upon a reluctant government and nation, and the first result of that war would be the immediate and irrevocable establishment of Southern independence.

FROM PETERSBURG.

PETERSBURG, Jan'y 15th, 1865.

No change has occurred in the military situation around this city during the past week. The enemy daily expends much ammunition in shelling our lines, but to little or no purpose. He never accomplishes the dismounting of a gun. The damages to the works and bridges by the late rain have been repaired.

Grant's troops are being constantly drilled and perfected in discipline.

OFFICIAL FROM GEN. LEE.

RICHMOND, Jan. 16th, 1865.

The following was received last night dated Headquarters Jan. 15th, 1865:

Gen Early reports that Rosser, at the head of three hundred men, surprised and captured the garrison at Beverly, Randolph County, on the 11th inst., killing and wounding a considerable number and taking 580 prisoners. His loss was slight.

(Signed,) R. E. LEE, General.

CONGRESS.

RICHMOND, Jan. 16th, 1865.

In the Senate the House Currency bill was reported back from the Finance Committee with amendments. The bill to increase the salary of the Vice President was passed. The Senate then resolved itself into secret session.

In the House, Mr. Orr rose to a personal explanation, which caused an article from the Sentinel to be read by the Clerk. The article referred to was based on a short communication headed "Treason, Treason," which mentions the rumor of a resolution before Congress in secret session, to open negotiations through Commissioners with Lincoln for peace. The writer denounces this as treachery of the most infamous character, and says the people will not allow themselves to be sold by traitorous Congressmen. After this fashion. The Sentinel says the report has excited no surprise and indignation, and if any such irregular authorized mode of communication was the case it may be resorted to Congress will not escape the censure and reprehension from the people. Mr. Orr saw from slander one article was intended as a criticism upon a report he had submitted from the Committee on Foreign Affairs. The movement proposed was not in the hands of timid, time-serving men, but sustained by a volume of sentiment in the country and army, and our own sense of duty determined that some form of statesmanship should be invoked in honest effort to end this carnival of death by negotiation.

Mr. Lester moved a suspension of the rules to enable him to submit a preamble and resolutions, declaring the statements and imputations in the Sentinel, so far as intended to apply to the House, as false, meriting the emphatic rebuke and unqualified denunciation of the House. The House refused to suspend—yeas 32, nays 38.

Mr. Smith, of Ala., but in hand, said he considered this vote an endorsement of the Sentinel, and as long as he stands, self-respect would prevent him from taking further part in the deliberations of that body.

Several members stated that they did not regard the vote as an endorsement of the Sentinel, assigning different reasons for their opinions.

The exemption bill was taken up and various propositions made to amend the clause relative to the Press. All the amendments were finally laid upon the table. The Special Committee in the case of Foote made a report declaring him absent without leave, and the public good could not be subserved by compelling his attendance expedient, and that the authorities discharge him from custody. A substitute was adopted declaring that Foote had no privileges as a member of the House, referring the matter to the President with a statement of facts.

FROM RICHMOND.

RICHMOND, Jan. 16th, 1865.

Judge Hadibutton has awarded a writ of *habeas corpus* ordering the Provost Marshal of Fredericksburg to bring Hon. H. S. Foote before him on Thursday.

FROM THE UNITED STATES.

RICHMOND, Jan. 16th, 1865.

The New York Times, of the 14th inst., has been received.

It contains very little news.

The Senate passed the Consular appropriation bill after inserting the words Republic of before Mexico.

Jim Lane has been elected Senator from Kansas.

The recent flood in the James River opened the chanel of the Dutch Gap Canal.

Sickles has sailed for California.

Mrs. Foote has arrived in Washington City.

CONFEDERATE CONGRESS.

RICHMOND, Jan. 17th, 1865.

No Yankee papers received to-day.

In the Senate the bill was passed increasing the maximum rates of compensation allowed to Rail Road Companies for the transportation of the mails.

In the House, Mr. McMullen made a personal explanation, declaring that if the Sentinel or its correspondent chose to arraign his action as traitorous, he pronounced them infamous liars.

Mr. Miles submitted a resolution, which was adopted, for the appointment of a joint committee to prepare an address to the people of the Confederate States, assuring them of the unalterable determination of Congress to prosecute the war, &c.

The death of Mr. Morgan, Representative from Texas, was announced. After eulogies, and the adoption of the customary resolutions, the House adjourned.

THE FOOTE CASE.

RICHMOND Jan'y 17th, 1865.

The substitute for the committee's report in the Foote case was not adopted in the House yesterday. The final action on the subject was the adoption of a resolution declaring that the report of the committee is the judgment of the House—yeas 37, nays 37.

CONQUEST BY INVASION.

Since the commencement of the war, the Yankees have propounded and apparently credited many theories for "crushing the rebellion," says the Richmond *Whig*. At first, they were entirely confident that enough of Union feeling remained in the South to re-assert itself and restore Federal authority, when the troops of the United States Government were near enough to lend encouragement and support. They next comforted themselves with the belief that the disposition of the slaves to revolt would render it necessary that our arms bearing classes should remain at home, and that consequently no armies could be put in the field to meet their columns coming down on us from all directions.—They did not believe that we could obtain arms and ammunition sufficient for waging a great war. They were sure that we could not raise supplies, and that starvation and famine would soon cut short our efforts at resistance, and compel us to sue for peace. The anaconda coil was to compress the life out of us. Then the Grant system of collision was to wear our armies out. These and various other theories of success have kept alive the hopes of the enemy, but have each and all ended in disappointment and failure. But it is the nature of that mercurial and sanguine people never to abandon a delusion without replacing it with another. Just now, they rejoice in the assurance that we are to be conquered by the process of overrunning. Sherman's successful march from the Mississippi to the Atlantic has satisfied them that their armies may venture to leave their bases and gun boats, and can go whithersoever they please. They do not stop to inquire whether or not invasion is conquest—they assume that to overrun is to subjugate, and that they have the power to overrun; and thus, as they destroyed slavery (as they fancy) by an epigram, they are about to end the war (as they fancy again) by a syllogism.

Time will demonstrate the fallacy of this theory as it has that have preceded it. Indeed, this has already been so conclusively that none but the wilfully blind can fail now to see it. Sherman has traversed many leagues of territory; but what foot of soil, overrun by his army, is subject to exercise that now exists allegiance of what solitary Yankee authority? The United States? Who is the citizen has he won for the Union? The war and submit, by there that proposes to abandon the Union? Is not the reason of anything Sherman has left as hostile to the country through which he has passed just as before he marched through it? His mission being to subjugate, would he not find just as much employment for his arms if he were to turn back and retrace the track over which he came, as if he move in any other direction? Undeniably and undoubtedly, this is so. Nay, more—all experience has shown that the effect of the overrunning system is only to intensify the hostility and redouble the zeal and determination of the people.

Nor does repeated invasion or continued occupation produce any other effect. Look at the Valley of Virginia and other districts that have been time and again trampled by the desolating hoofs of invading hosts—Is there any talk there of submission? Is there any weakening of affection for the Confederate cause? Is New Orleans subjugated; is the loyalty of her people detached from the Confederacy; are their sympathies alienated from us, or their hopes dead, or their prayers ended, because, for nearly three years, they have been subjected to Yankee authority? Who doubts that Norfolk, and Nashville, and Vicksburg are as faithful to us as when the flag of the Confederacy floated over them?

Not one of them; not a town or village or homestead, now within the enemy's lines, but would hail with joy inexpressible the day that restored them to our embrace. No length of time will change this feeling. How, then, is the Yankee ever to establish general and lasting authority over these States? In these wide reaches of territory, to invade is not to overrun, to overrun is not to occupy, to occupy is not to subdue. Time, that is gradually and surely destroying the capacity of the enemy to wage a war of invasion, has no power to change the hearts or shake the consistency of our people. We are repeating the scenes and experience of the Revolution of '76, with the difference in our favor that while our ancestors were generally unsuccessful in battle, we are generally successful. Our ancestors won their independence by endurance. They learned "to suffer and to wait." Time and the impossibility of occupying so extensive a territory overcame and defeated the invader then. They will infallibly do so again. We must strain every muscle to meet and foil the enemy wherever he may appear; but we must, with a still intenser purpose, school ourselves to bear unflinchingly all the miseries that a powerful and relentless foe can inflict upon us. Then our cities may be wrested from us, our lands wasted, our roofs burned, our armies shorn of their strength; but the fortitude of the people, impregnable to assault, indestructible and invincible, will survive them all, and assure for us a triumph as glorious for the virtues that have gained it as priceless in the benefits it will bring

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The "Sentinel," in reply to some strictures of the Charlottesville (Va.) "Chronicle," says: The manœuvres of Gen. Lee's campaigns have been *all his own*. Admirable manœuvres they have been and most happily adapted to the circumstances of the country: They have won for him a renown of which we have no doubt the President would be extremely jealous if it were fairly his; but he deserves no more of it than belongs to a cordial approval of the policy of the distinguished general, and an admiration of the genius which conceived it.

GREAT FRESHET.—There has undoubtedly fallen lately an immense quantity of rain in this State, though not in this vicinity. We might have told our readers of this several days ago, and in a somewhat circumstantial manner; but we withheld the information from prudential considerations, palpable, we thought to every conductor of the press in this State. Now, however, it is blazoned to the world that the Roanoke railroad bridge has been partly swept away; that the Piedmont railroad has been damaged to the extent of stopping travel; that the North Carolina road has lost several bridges, and that mill dams and mills innumerable have gone down stream. These things have been given to the world, including the enemy, by the press on every side of us, and at this late hour we allude to the matter merely to account to our readers for our own silence.—We will risk the chance of being considered *slow* to keep up our reputation for being *discreet* and *sure*. We will only add that by the time this reaches the public eye the damage of a public character sustained will have been about repaired.—*State Journal.*

An army of harmless Yankees have passed through Richmond within the year just expiring. From the statistics of the clerk of the Libby prison, Mr. Ross, we learn that, from the 1st of January, 1864, to the 19th of December of the same year, 31,630 Yankee prisoners, of all grades, nations, tongues, complexions and kindreds, passed the Libby as prisoners of war.—This number is independent of about twenty thousand captured in Spottsylvania and elsewhere in Virginia, who were sent South without touching Richmond.—Since the war began 125,000 men have passed the doors of the Libby and departed as prisoners of war.

The following verse is not often quoted, yet it has so much power that it ought to be remembered:

A pebble in the streamlet scant,
Has turned the course of many a river,
A dewdrop on the baby plant,
Has often wraped the giant oak forever.

COL. S. D. BRYSON, of the 25th Regiment, and at present Senator from Macon, Haywood, Jackson and Cherokee, has resigned his position as Lt. Col. of the 25th Regiment.

THE HORSES IN AMERICA.

A paragraph reporting the discovery of remains of a horse, in California, we believe, as a newly detected sign and proof of the existence of a horse in and on this continent before the colonization, after Columbus, has lately gone the rounds, but is not now before us.

We need only remind the readers of the "Courier" intelligently interested that relics of an aboriginal horse were reported in 1857, or earlier, by our fellow-citizen, Prof. Francis S. Holmes, and reportes thereon with letters from Agassiz, Leidy, and other savans, were published in Holme's "Fossils of South Carolina," and in some of the scientific journals.

The question whence, and when, and how, was America first peopled and stocked with animals, is yet open, and, we believe, important and interesting revolutions and discoveries remain to reward the researches of science.

The spirit of science and true philosophy is prone to facts and to legitimate inferences and conclusions and to unlimited progress under the conditions and limitations of truth and logical deductions.

The narrow, ignorant bigotry, which once found positive systems of natural science in the Bible, or in the books of Moses, and denounced and suspected and excommunicated all enquiries and opinions which opposed the premature interpretation affixed to that record, has died out, we hope never to return. All who believe in Moses, or in revelation, should court and favor and invite all inquiries and researches which promise any light on the questions presented by him briefly, and only for moral and instructive purposes.

From the earliest dawn of science, and from Galileo down to this day, all progress in science has only confirmed the faith of believers in Moses, wherever it has offered additional or new illustration, but has often shown that Moses did not write or intend what had been construed out of him.

For ages the current and common literature and records of the world known or noted nothing of the landing of the Northmen, or a colony or expedition of Scandinavians on the American coast four centuries before the discovery of Columbus.

Moses, we verily believe, knew what he was writing about, and the philosophic peering glasses of the astronomer, the hammer and spade of the geologist, and the travelers or explorers everywhere over sites and places of ancient and decayed races, have only, added to his testimonials, while teaching us the errors of premature conclusions or inferences, based on partial or imperfect statements.

Charleston Courier.

YANKEE LOVE FOR CUFFY. The following precious epistle illustrates the immense love entertained by the Yankee for the "poor down trodden slave," etc. It was taken from a Yankee prisoner near Waynesboro', Ga. A correspondent in sending it for publication, says: "I think everybody, negroes and all, should read it, for it shows the cause of the great love the Yankee is manifesting for the contraband—the absorption of the great cause is wonderful." We place it before our readers *verbatim et literatim.*

INDIANAPOLIS, IND., Sept. 21, 1864.

Dear Sir:—Frank I am not very well to-day. I had the ague last night and you no I don't feel right I got A letter from you fryday and I am glad to hear that you are well. you spoke A bout me coming to see you. Well frank I would like to come and if I can get money A nuff I will come. everything is so high it takes A bout all I can make to live on. Frank I want to ask you one thing. do you think I could get some conterbans, if I would come down their. There given substitutes from A thousand to 15teen hundred dollars A peace. well Frank, people goes and tells the counterbans that if they will go with them they will give them 2 hundred dollars. well you see they ar eagnarant and we could make them believe enny thing we tell them. now Frank there was a man here yesterday and he told me he would give me 5 hundred for every one I got. and I told him I had A notion to go and see you and while I was down there I would steal some negroes, and he said I could make a fortune if I would be sharp. and if I had money to bare my expenses I would start to-morrow. I would not let them have them for 5 hundred dollars if I could get some. I would take them to new york and I get 2 thousand A peace for them. now Frank I believe I could get 2 or 3 enny how if I would come down their dont you Frank I want you to see if you cant get 2 or 3 and send me word and I will come after them, just tell them if they will volintear you will steal them off and give tem 2 hundred dollars beside. answer this right A way the men here would go but theyre watched you no I could get a pass from guvner Mortin, to see my husband and while I was down their I could get some neager men and bring back most every man in indianopolis is drafted and you no before they will go they will give a good deal. Frank now see if you can get 1 or 2 to promis to enlist if you steel them off and then send me word just as soon as you can and I will come rite away. Well I have wrote. A nuff A bout that dont tell enny one enny thing A bout enny thing I wrote. Frank I would send you some money if I had some to-day. I always have plenty to live on but you no it takes A great deal to live hear. tell the niggers that you only want them for 1 year. Sibe is gone this week to stay till after the fare and when she comes I think she will want to come down their to see you and maybe her and we will come together, I want to come and Frank everybody says I will make money if I go send me word what you think A bout it. and do all you can and if you can get one write and let me no and I will come rite away and I wont pay enny more rent, well sallie is going to the office and, I must close good by for this time.

JENNIE.

Frank excuse this letter for sallie is in a hurry to go to the office.

SEASIDE SONG.

BY OWEN MEREDITH.

I.

Drop down below the orbed sea,
O, lingering light in glowing skies,
And bring my own true love to me—
My dear true love across the sea—
With tender-lighted eyes.

For now the gates of Night are flung
Wide open her dark coasts among;
And the happy stars crowd up and up,
Like bubbles that brighten, one by one,
To the dark wet brim of some glowing cup
Fill'd full to the parting sun.

And moment after moment grows
In grandeur up from deep to deep
Of darkness, till the night hath clomb,
From star to star, Heaven's brightest dome:
And like a new thought born in sleep,
The slumbrous glory glows and glow;
While far below a whisper goes,
That heaves the happy sea:
For o'er faint tracts of fragrance wide,
A rapture pouring up the side—
A freshness through the heat—a sweet,
Uncertain sound, like fairy feet—
The west wind blows my love to me.
Love-men from the light west,
Thou comest, with thy rapid oppress,
For joy of him; all up the dim
Delicious sea blow fearlessly.
Warm wind, that art the tenderest
Of all that breathe from south or west,
Blow whispers of him up the sea:
Upon my cheek, and on my breast,
And on the lips which he hath prest,
Blow all his kisses back to me!

Far off, the dark gray rocks about,
All night shines faint and far the fair light:
Far off the lone lake baker's shout,
From boat to boat: I the listening star-light,
Far off, and fair, the sea line bare.
Leagues, leagues beyond the reach of rowing,
Up creek and born the smooth wave swells
And falls asleep; or inland flowing,
Trickles among the silver shells.
From sluice to sluice of shallow wells;
Or down dark pools of purple glowing,
Sets some forlorn star trembling there
In its own dim dreamlike brilliancy.
And I feel the dark rain growing
Nearer, clearer up the sea.
And I catch the steam wet blowing
All my own love's sighs to me;
On the deck I hear them sighing
Songs they sing in my own land:
Lights are swinging, bells are ringing,
On the deck I see him stand!

II.

The day is down into its bower;
In languid lights his eyes he steeps
The flash'ray darkens, low and lower,
And closes on the glowing deeps

In creeping curves of yellow foam,
Up shallow sands the waters slide;
And warmly blow what whispers roam
From isle to isle the rifted tide.

The boats are drawn; the nets drip bright,
Dark casements gleam; old songs are sung;
And out upon the verge of night
Green lights from lonely rocks are hung

O winds of eve that somewhere rove
Where darkest steeps the distant sea,
Seek out where haply dreams my love
And whisper all her dreams to me!

From the Richmond Dispatch.

The author of the exquisite poem published below is generally unknown. His name has escaped our memory, but we remember that he was the editor of some obscure paper in Texas, and about five years since was killed by a steamboat explosion on the Mississippi river. Poor fellow, he had the "vision and faculty divine," whatever his name may have been on earth:

"THE LONG AGO."

Oh! a wonderful stream is the river of Time,
As it runs through the realm of tears,
With a faultless rythm, and a musical rhyme,
And a broader sweep, and a surge sublime,
And blends with the ocean of years!

How the winters are drifting like flakes of snow,
And the summers like buds between,
And the cares in the sheaf—as they come and they go,
On the river's breast, with its ebb and flow,
As it glides in the shadow and shoon!

There's a magical Isle in the river of Time,
Where the softest of airs are playing;
There's a cloudless sky, and a tropical clime,
And a song as sweet as a vesper chime,
And the Junes with the roses are staying.

And the name of the Isle is Long Ago,
And we bury our treasures there—
There are brows of beauty, and bosoms of snow,
There are heaps of dust—but we loved them so!
There are trinkets, and tresses of hair.

There are fragments of song that nobody sings,
And a part of an infant's prayer;
There's a lute unswept, and a harp without strings,
There are broken vows and pieces of rings,
And the garments she used to wear.

There are hands that are waved when the fairy shore,
By the image is lifted in air,
And we sometimes hear thro' the turbulent roar,
Sweet voices heard in the days gone before,
When the wind down the river is fair.

Oh! remembered for aye be that blessed Isle,
All the "long ago" of life's twilight;
When the evening comes with its beautiful smile,
And our eyes are closing to slumber awhile,
May that "greenwood of soul" be in sight.

A TIMELY INVENTION.—There is now in successful operation at the Confederate States Laboratory, Richmond, a machine capable of turning out three hundred and forty thousand percussion gun caps in eight hours, filling and pressing them. The fastest machine used in the United States, of which we have any knowledge, is Wright's patent, which only turns out thirty thousand in ten hours. The champion Confederate machine, or machines, as there are two of them—are capable of turning out an amount of work by three hands that formerly required one hundred and twenty operatives. The inventor is Captain Wesley N. Smith, commanding the Laboratory, whose skill, perseverance and ingenuity first called into existence, at the inception of the war, the extensive Laboratory works now operating in Richmond. The graduated fuse cutter now in general use, is another of Captain Smith's inventions, and has demonstrated its entire efficiency on numerous occasions. The inventor of the above labor saving machine is still devoting his experience and knowledge gained by twenty five years of study, to the invention of machinery calculated to substitute able bodied labor, now so sorely needed in the active operations of the army.

THE PRESS.—While the streets are sonorous with the lamentations of croakers, and people of every class and profession are wearing long faces, and beginning to doubt the success of the revolution, thank God the press is cheerful, hopeful, bright-hearted and sanguine. With one or two exceptions every newspaper in the Confederate States is brimful of confidence. Every page, every line, almost, appeals to the reader, stirring the embers of his faltering faith, and bracing up the tottering fabric of his hope. We rejoice that it is so. May it always be so. While some short sighted people would suppress the press, or hide its light under a bushel, we rejoice to see that the masses of men in this Confederacy are wise enough to appreciate its powerful agencies in working out the great problem of liberty and independence.—*Confed. Union.*

A COURT OF OYER AND TERMINER is being held for Wake County this week, His Honor, Judge Saunders, presiding. An indictment for murder against Ben a slave of T. C. Robertson, was tried on yesterday, Col. E. G. Haywood, in behalf of the attorney General, appearing for the State, and K. P. and R. H. Battle, Esqs., for the defence. We learn that the jury brought in a verdict of Manslaughter.

We understand that a case of highway robbery will be tried during the term.—*Courier*

HAPPINESS.—Now let us tell you a secret—a secret worth knowing. This looking forward for enjoyment don't pay. From what I know of it, I would as soon chase butterflies for a living, or bottle up moonshine for cloudy nights. The only true way to be happy is to take the drops of happiness as God gives them to us every day of our lives. The boy must learn to be happy while he is plodding over his lesson; the apprentice while he is making his fortune. If he fails to learn this art, he will be sure to miss his enjoyment when he gains what he signs for.

Mrs. W. Davidson, the American lady lately arrested in Toronto for alleged passing of counterfeit American money, appears to be a persecuted individual. The charge against her has been dismissed, her money was proved to be genuine, and she now threatens to sue the city for $20,000 damages. A long communication appears in the Toronto Leader, in which Mrs. D. narrates her grievances and abuses the brokers, who refused to take bills which were afterwards redeemed by the Banks which issued them.

The Yankee Recruiting, and What Comes of It.

The Yankee papers are often filled with notices of new regiments raised by recruiting, large numbers of volunteers, etc. How all this works may be gathered from the following letter from Grant's army, published in the New York Times, which is *not* a "Copperhead" paper:

We hear of the President calling for a force of several hundred thousand men. The papers tell us gleefully of the rapidity with which enrollments are taking place; presently we hear every town and village boasting that it has "filled up its quota;" but where are the soldiers? The bounty money has been paid, the men enrolled, we will suppose; but where are they? That is the question—a question, too, fraught with such momentous interest to the nation that it is to be hoped every loyal voice will be kept shouting it at Congress until our law-givers feel the necessity of looking into it more narrowly. Let people go and inquire of the noble fellows fighting in the field, and they will soon learn what has become of many of these dearly-purchased men in buckram—cesting something like one thousand dollars each before they have lifted a finger in return.

As an illustration of how some of them disappear, here is the record of one single regiment among those that have come to my notice: Of three detachments of substitutes sent from Concord, New Hampshire, to join the Fifth New Hampshire volunteers, amounting to six hundred and twenty-five men, one hundred and thirty-seven *deserted on the passage*, leaving only four hundred and eighty-eight to arrive at the regiment.—Of the four hundred and eighty-eight who got to the regiment and were assigned to companies, eighty-two deserted to the enemy from picket line; thirty-six deserted to the rear; four have been discharged as utterly worthless, their physical incapacity being so glaring, and of such long standing, that it must have been known at the time of enlistment; five have been sent back to Concord to have their cases of enlistment investigated, by order of the War Department; and two have been discharged by order of the War Department.

Thus, out of six hundred and twenty-five of these bounty-tempted warriors sent to *one* regiment only since August last, there are only three hundred and fifty-nine left; and, as these have come to the army through the same venal influences, and probably gone through the same loose or fraudulent examination, it is impossible to tell how many more may follow suit, in spite of the death penalty before them. I use the term *fraudulent* advisedly; for, out of the four discharged as utterly worthless, one man had one leg several inches shorter than the other; one had hernia, that had made him a cripple for many years past; and the two others were such impracticable imbeciles that any imbecile, without one particle of medical knowledge, must have seen at a glance that they were utterly incapable of any duty whatever mental or physical. These are shameful revelations, but the sooner the public are made acquainted with the existence of such monstrous abuses, the sooner do we stand a chance of seeing them rectified.

To Make a Perpetual Almanac.

Many years since, when quite a lad, we discharged the functions of clerk in a grocery store. At that day, all stores that retailed other goods, sold spirituous liquors by the glass. A very intelligent and well educated man, who had become a mere wreck of humanity by frequent tippling, was a regular customer. Noticing a revolving almanac sticking up over the desk, he said to me, "what will you give me to teach you to make a perpetual almanac?" It was finally agreed between him and the owner of the store, that whenever I was able to calculate readily the day of the week for a century past and a century ahead, he should have two drinks. The work was immediately commenced, and before he left the store one of the drinks was claimed and delivered. Thinking that it may be useful to some one of our readers, we conclude to publish it.

It should first be observed, however, that there are seven letters used as dominical letters, which are, A, B, C, D, E, F, G. One of these letters is used to govern each year, and two are used for leap years, one for the first and second month, and the other for the remaining months of the year. These letters for each successive year are taken from the alphabet backwards, beginning at G and ending at A. In order that these letters may be remembered in the order in which they are to be reckoned to find the day of the week, they are made the initials of the following couplet:

At Dover Dwells George Brown, Esquire,
Good Charley French and David Prier.

These initial letters always represent the several months as they come in rotation, thus: A represents the first month, D the second and third, G the fourth, B the fifth, &c.

If any person wishes to know on what day of the week he was born, if it was in the 18th century, divide the year by 4, and add the product to the year. Then divide that product by 7, and take the last remainder from the last divisor, and the product will indicate the dominical letter for the year.

EXAMPLE.—What day of the week was the 24th day of May, 1787?

4)1787
446-3

7)2233
319

We find that the seventh letter, which is G, is the dominical letter for that year. Count the months from January to May, which is five. Then count to the fifth initial in the rhyme, which I find to be thus:—At Dover dwelt George Brown. Then count from the dominical letter to B, which is three, commence at sunday and count as many days as there is from G to B, which will be Tuesday. Consequently Tuesday is the first, eighth, fifteenth, twenty second days of May, Wednesday 23d and Thursday 24th.

If the day to be found be in the 19th *century*, proceed as above until you get the second remainder, from which one is to be deducted.

EXAMPLE.—What day of the week was the fifth day of February, 1808.

4)1808
452

7)2260

5 322 6
2 1
5

The second letter or B, is dominical letter for that year, but as it is leap year, the next letter, C, governs the first and second months. Then count Jan., Feb. two. The second initial in the rhyme, is D. Count from the dominical letter C, to D, which is one. This will show that Sunday was the first day of February, 1808, making Thursday the fifth day of that month.

F. & Ar.

Mary and her Little Cup.

During the battles around Petersburg in the summer of 1864, the New Market was used as a hospital by Hoke's division, and the square was generally full of helpless soldiers in every state of exhaustion and suffering. Until the shelling of the city caused the removal of this hospital, there came *alone* every day at a certain hour, a little girl—perhaps ten or eleven years of age—to the Market. She was very neatly and nicely dressed—very quiet and gentle in her manners, and very efficient in her labors. She carried a silver cup, which she filled at a pump close by, and beginning at one end of the market, she handed water to each soldier as she came to him—refilling the cup as often as they desired. This she did throughout the whole line of soldiers—and it was a long one. Then beginning again she went through the line pouring water on their wounds, adjusting the cloths upon them when they were uncomfortable, and washing the blood from about their wounds—in fact, doing anything and everything she could to make their situation more agreeable. If talked to, she answered kindly and briefly, and performed her self imposed task in a quiet, business like manner, that was very remarkable in one so young, and inspired all with respect. The soldiers soon learned that her name was Mary, but nothing further could be gained of her history. Her daily appearance was hailed with delight. As soon as she came in sight, one would exclaim, "Yonder comes Mary and her little cup," and the wish was often expressed, that the "friends at home" could know about this little girl and her goodness to the soldiers. One poor fellow said he wanted to see it written out and put into her reading book for little children, and entitled (as I have in this notice) "Mary with her little cup," that they might thus learn how much good even a little child can do when there is suffering around her.

THE "TALLAHASSEE."—A passenger by the steamship "Arago" informs the Savannah "Republican" that the "Tallahassee" chased the "Arago" from 11 A. M., until 3 P. M., on Thursday 5th inst., off the coast of North Carolina. The "Arago" hugged the South Carolina coast until coming within protection of the fleet off Charleston. The "Tallahassee" approached within ten miles of the "Arago."

War Education.

The children of to-day will be the men and women of the future. The boys that are running wild about the streets, within ten or fifteen years will be men, governing popular opinion and making it. To them will be entrusted the management of the country's future destiny and honor, all the future of this Confederacy.—The present men of affairs and of wisdom will be lying beneath the soil, or only waiting the inexorable summons to go thither.

This is a grave consideration. What can one hope for the future, if all the moral, social, educational restraints be allowed to drop from the hands of those who are now the guardians of these future men?

We extract this morning from the Richmond Sentinal an excellent article on the subject. It is an appeal in behalf of the children, not the half grown men, for at least an elementary education. A child taught to read well, and that implies thoughtfulness even if it have no better education. They are not the best instructed or wisest men who have passed through the laborious curriculum of a university.

The great thing in education is to inspire the pupil with a thirst for knowledge. Add to this a keen sense of moral and religious obligation, and the child will educate itself. It will be able to run alone in the path of knowledge. By this kind of instruction they may not be made men of Greek and Latin lore, but when one discovers so few who come from colleges with any useful amount of this Greek and Latin, it will not be considered a misfortune to be without it.

We appeal to the good men to take the subject into consideration. This war will come to an end after awhile, and it will be a consideration to know that, even if it should be ruinous to us, there will be something good left behind. The well taught child, under any circumstances, will be better off in the world than the child who has received no education. Besides, the effective prosecution of the war cannot be impaired by the proper observance of this duty, unless, indeed, Congress declares that the country shall be deprived of instructors.—*Mobile Tribune.*

OUTRAGES OF WHEELER'S COMMAND.

LOWER THREE RUNS,
Barnwell District, S. C., Dec. 31, 1864.

To Hon. J. A. Seddon,
Secretary of War, Richmond, Va.:

I cannot forbear appealing to you in behalf of the producing population of the States of Georgia and South Carolina for protection against the destructive lawlessness of members of General Wheeler's command. From Augusta to Hardeeville the road is now strewn with corn left on the ground unconsumed. Beeves have been shot down in the fields, one quarter taken off and the balance left for buzzards. Horses are stolen out of wagons on the road, and by wholesale out of stables at night.

The writer saw an order from Gen. Wheeler, authorizing search to be made in his command for thirty-seven animals stolen from Mr. Fitzpatrick's plantation, in Twiggs county Ga., only four of which had, up to a few days ago, been recovered. Within a few miles of this neighborhood, Wheeler's men tried to rob a young lady of a horse while she was on a visit to a neighbor's, but for the timely arrival of a citizen, who prevented the outrage being perpetrated. It is no unusual sight to see these men ride into camp with all sorts of plunder. Private houses are visited, carpets, blankets, and other furniture they can lay their hands on, are taken by force in the presence of the owners.

We ask, respectfully, if the Government expects the people to bear such burdens, in addition to the ravages of the enemy? Can such devastation by our soldiery be permitted, and the farmer and soldiers' unprotected family have no redress? Are General Wheeler and his brigade commanders not responsible to the country for the depredations of the men under them? By stealing the stock engaged in the production of food for our army, the falling off in the production of corn alone in the States of Georgia and South Carolina may be counted by the hundred thousand bushels. Make the country one immense camp—let everybody be engaged in working for the support of the whole army, but for the sake of our *glorious cause*, give the producer the protection necessary to enable him to make bread for the army, and his little ones. If General Hampton's cavalry had used Virginia and North Carolina as General Wheeler's men have used Georgia and South Carolina, where would General Lee now be? OMEGA.

From the Raleigh Conservative.

The Standard, some days ago, lectured those members of the Conservative party who voted to lay Mr. Pool's resolutions on the table, and calls on their constituents to observe that they voted with the "Destructives" and against peace. That paper so long exercised the high and responsible situation of whipper-in to the recession party, who worried down the old Union men and crushed Conservatism into the earth, when it was struggling to avert this war, that it cannot long forego its bad habits even when thrown into better company.

If we felt invested with the authority to call the attention of the people to any abandonment of principles or pledges by their representatives, we might possibly show far more inconsistency on the part of others than the gentlemen against whom it warns the people. But we make no such claim, but simply call to its remembrance a thing or two. We might mention the fact that some who were elected by large majorities upon their professions of devotion to Governor Vance and his administration, and who endorsed his views fully on the question of peace and war, and who might have gotten very few votes if they had declared themselves in favor of Mr. Holden and his policy, seem now disposed to repudiate every pledge made at the polls, and are submitting to the dictation of the very man they did not dare endorse at home. They might find it hard to account, for example, to their constituents for turning their backs upon the cause which they espoused, and joining hands with a faction which polled only 14,000 and some odd votes in the entire State, and which under the pressure of Sherman's advance through Georgia, grows, but grows only as our misfortunes thicken, and will as surely die under the shout of victory.

They might be asked why they sought to embarrass in every possible way the Governor they promised to support and stand by? Why did they refuse to aid him in arresting deserters and repressing the disorder, and outrages of lawless men who are destroying life and property throughout the State? Why they exempted everybody from Home Guard service at a time when they were most needed? Why they should compel many counties to build new Court Houses or hold court out of doors, should all the Justices of the Peace desire to get in at once? These and many other questions might be asked, but it is the people's business, who will doubtless ask them in due time.

Let the Standard be quiet on this score, or it might arouse something of the spirit it felt last summer, and its friends would suffer by the movement. The people of North Carolina are not quite scared to death yet.—The gloom spread over us by our misfortunes will not last long; and whether things get worse or better our people will thank those true Conservatives who had strength enough to make them stand firm for their principles and their country—alike in sunshine and in shadow—through good and through evil report. The Standard's abuse is of course expected by all men who do not back down from all their professions and pledges at sight of danger. True men will not heed it.

We last week gave an extract from a leading editorial of the Richmond *Enquirer* proposing to free the slaves of the South upon certain conditions. As a contemporary remarks, this is another firebrand thrown by the *Enquirer* among the people of the South. A few weeks ago it proposed to arm 250,000 of the slaves to fight the enemy, &c., which led to considerable discussion and bad feeling at home, and gave "aid and comfort" to the enemy; and now it comes out with this proposition, which it knew when it proposed it, is entirely beyond the reach of the General Government, who as the treaty making power alone could make the concession to England and France which the *Enquirer* suggests, and further is impracticable of accomplishment. Slavery is a State or Municipal Institution, the creature of law in the States, who alone have jurisdiction over it. The General Government, by authority of Congress, only has power over it to use it, as it has over ourselves or anything in our possession, to strengthen our armies in the time of war, and particularly of invasion, and no more. The *Enquirer* makes the proposition for himself and we are glad to see he stands alone. So far

THE WILMINGTON JOURNAL.

CONFEDERATE STATES OF AMERICA.

WILMINGTON, N. C., SATURDAY, JAN. 14, 1865.

We learn that about eleven o'clock on Thursday night a fleet of over sixty vessels made its appearance off our coast opposite Battery Gatlin, which is some five miles above Fort Fisher and near the head of the Sound.—Heavy guns were heard yesterday morning in that direction, no doubt intended to cover the landing of troops which was commenced about daylight, and before 9 o'clock a brigade had been thrown on shore, and they were still landing. We are not yet apprised of the probable numbers of the enemy's land force, or of its composition, nor under whose command it is;—not Butler's probably—certainly not, if the report of his removal be true. One rumor says that Weitzel is. Porter is no doubt in command of the naval part of the expedition, and the whole is no doubt made simultaneously with an advance by Sherman upon some point in South Carolina.

There is comparatively little excitement in town. Troops have been sent to the proper points, and may, ere this, be engaged with the enemy. Our military leaders are at their posts, and we look for some sharp work.

Chagrined by the ridicule cast upon the late *fiasco* the enemy will probably make a desperate effort to redeem their credit. Porter, we think, will be especially desperate, since, after casting all the blame for the late failure upon Butler, he will be in danger of having it fall back upon himself.

After all, the movement here at this time is a secondary and merely co-operative one, intended to facilitate the advance of Sherman.

At the date of the last advices last night no infantry fighting had taken place. Communication was open.

SHERMAN'S MOVEMENTS.

It seems to be generally conceded that Sherman, after having traversed the State of Georgia and arrived at Savannah and captured that city "without impediments," will not long remain idle there. His final objective point is Lee's army. To effect that army he cut the railroads throughout *his line of march in Georgia*, since it is known that Southwestern Georgia has been one of the grand sources of supply for the army of Northern Virginia. To further interfere with the supplies of that army and to cut off military communication by railroad he will be certain to aim his next blow at the railroads of South Carolina, his primary point probably being Branchville, and incidentally, Charleston, but first, and primarily, Branchville we think.

We should not be at all surprised to learn that his movement has already commenced, and that his troops are even now in motion. Circumstances seem to point to that conclusion. One of these circumstances is the renewal of the attack or demonstration against Wilmington, and especially against the defences of its harbor. As yet we cannot assign to that movement its proper character, whether as a feint or a real attack—whether simply intended as a diversion, or seriously designed to attempt the reduction of our forts. Either way, we think it is so timid as to co-operate with any movement made by the enemy operating at the South. If they can do anything here, so much the better, they think, and even if they cannot, they no doubt calculate that they can succeed in detaining a certain amount of force here, and thus removing that much of opposition out of the way of Sherman's movement from Savannah.

We will know something more about this matter before going to press. Our people are cool, and exhibit no nervousness.

INQUESTS.

The Jury noticed in Wednesday's *Journal* as having under investigation the shooting of the negro boy Stephen, at the Government Stables, on Monday night, rendered a verdict that the deceased came to his death from a gunshot wound produced by a gun in the hands of Michael Lavill.

From the evidence brought before the Jury it appeared that Michael Lavill was a private watchman at the "Government Stables;" that on Monday night John Kirkham, a member of Co. C, Hahr's Battalion, while passing by the Stables on his way to Camp Lamb came across Lavill standing at the breastworks; that while talking with Lavill two negroes attempted to pass out through a hole in the fence; that Lavill ordered them back and threatened to shoot them; that after the negroes got into the house, inside of the enclosure, Lavill asked Kirkham to give him his (Kirkham's) gun which he did, when L. fired, the ball striking the negro boy Stephen in the head, from which he died in about ten minutes, as previously stated.

After the verdict was rendered Lavill was committed to jail for trial at next term of the Superior Court for this county.

Coroner Perrin also held an inquest on Wednesday, on the body of John Maher, who died at the Naval Hospital on that morning, from a wound received on Monday night last, from a knife in the hands of Joseph W. Bradley.

It would seem from the evidence before the Jury that Maher and Bradley met on Monday night at the house of Mary Allen, in this town; that both of them had been drinking; that from some cause or other Bradley drew his knife and cut Maher in the left side, from the effects of which he died on Wednesday morning.

After hearing the evidence the Jury returned a verdict that the "deceased came to his death from a wound inflicted in his left side by a knife in the hands of Joseph W. Bradley."

Bradley was committed to Jail to await his trial at our next Superior Court. Both men belonged to the Confederate States Navy.

A SYNOPSIS OF THE ART OF WAR, Dedicated to the Officers of the Confederate Army. Columbia, Evans and Cogswell, 1864.

This is a neatly printed 12 mo. of 109 pages. It seems to be intelligently written, but of course we have neither the time for careful examination nor the knowledge of the subject that would entitle us to deliver any reliable opinion upon the merits of the work before us. It seems to us that it ought to be a highly useful work.

THE Savannah referred to in General Beauregard's dispatch, published in yesterday's *Journal*, is the county seat of Hardin county, Tennessee, and is situated on the Tennessee River, about 20 miles from the Alabama, Mississippi and Tennessee lines.

SOME of the papers insist that Congress in secret session has passed the bill authorizing the suspension of the privilege of the writ of *Habeas Corpus*, while others do not appear to think so. If so, it will soon be made known, as it will require the issuance of a proclamation from the President before it is put in force.

HEAVY FRESHET.—INJURY TO THE ROANOKE BRIDGE AT WELDON.—We learn that on Wednesday night some seventy feet of the railroad bridge over the Roanoke River at Weldon was washed away. We have not learned which part of the bridge suffered, but lean to the impression that it was on the Northern side—the farther side from here.

ON Monday gold was selling in Charleston at 40; sterling exchange at 85. Gold is said to have fallen to 30 in Richmond on Tuesday. Like everything else, gold seems to be dearer here than at any other point in the Confederacy.

SUNDRY people, much given to the interpretation of prophecy and deeply versed in biblical lore, are of the opinion that the end of the world or at least of the present dispensation is at hand. Either event would, we think, end the present war. We hardly think it could be carried on in another world, nor would its continuance be consistant with the coming of the millennium—the supposed thousand years of holiness and happiness which is to prevail before the passing away of the present physical world, and the advent of a new heaven and a new earth.

Dr. Cumming, of London, who has had a spite at the world for some time, and has tried to bring it to an end on several occasions, will have it that the close is bound to come next year, certain sure, and no postponement on account of the weather. Newton and some others are disposed to give an extension of time, and even consent to spare it until 1867.

There may be something in all this, but we do not know anything about it. We have always thought that the scripture was clear in intimating that the happening of the last day was a thing which no man could find out or anticipate—that judgment, when it did come, would come like a thief in the night; and we think so still.

But to hundreds the end of the world comes every day. To the soldier who pours out his life blood on the battle-field, or sinks more slowly in the hospital; to the wife or mother, removed from all that the heart clings to,—to all who die, this world ends as effectually as though its last day had come, and its last hour had struck.

Most positively a cotemporary, the Columbus, Ga., *Enquirer*, has a new year's address in rhyme. It is the first we have seen this year of grace. We were not in much humor here for grinding out rhymes either for Christmas or New Year.

THE days are already very perceptibly longer. This is felt more visibly in the evenings than in the mornings. On clear evenings one can almost see to read as late as six o'clock.

From the Charleston Mercury.

THE LATE BRIGADIER GENERAL GIST.

Fell, at the head of his column, in the bloody battle of Franklin, Tennessee, December 15th, 1864, States Rights Gist, Brigadier General in the Confederate army, aged thirty-three.

Cutting him down in the very prime of a life of singular energy and usefulness. Fate could scarcely have allotted him a death more glorious in itself, or less unwelcome to its victim. Heavy as is the loss, it seems fitting that a career so closely identified throughout with the rights and independence of these Southern States should have closed, a costly sacrifice to the same sacred cause.

Physically and mentally, General Gist was peculiarly adapted for military life. Blessed with a robust constitution and an erect and athletic frame, his mind was of the quick, vigorous and resolute cast that befits the true soldier. Though he had not the advantage of a regular military education, since early manhood he had been much engaged in military affairs, always exhibiting, in every position he has held, a zeal and efficiency productive of the best results.

General Gist was born in Union District, September 3, 1831. After graduating at the South Carolina College, he spent several years at the Law School at Cambridge, and then, returning to his native State, began the practice of law in the village of Union. In 1855 he was appointed Brigadier General of militia, a post in which he displayed so large a share of administrative ability that, a few years later, he was elevated to the important and responsible position of Adjutant and Inspector General of the State—an office which he held when the war broke out. Obtaining a brief leave of absence, at the opening of the first Virginia campaign, he participated with distinction in the battle of Manassas, serving successively on the staffs of Generals Bee and Beauregard.

In January, 1862, on the recommendation of General Lee, he was appointed Brigadier General in the Confederate Army. He was first assigned to duty, we believe, on James Island, and it was under his command that the bloody battle of Secessionville was fought and won. Afterwards, being ordered, with his brigade, to the Western Army, he served with distinguished gallantry in the various battles around Atlanta, in one of which he was painfully wounded. On the field where he met his death, he received two desperate wounds.—Notwithstanding the first, which was of a most serious character, he kept his place on the field, encouraging the men of his line wherever there were signs of faltering or weakness; and it was while leading them on into the thickest of the fight; that, receiving his second and mortal wound, he fell and almost immediately expired.

In his death the country has lost an officer of rare tact, bravery and promise, the State a citizen peculiarly devoted to her rights and interests. If there be consolation for the sad ones who sit around the hearth that his loss has made desolate, it will be found in the glorious name and fame he has left behind him, and in the grateful sympathy of his compatriots throughout the land.

NEWS OF LITERATURE.—It would appear that Solomon spoke truth when he said that there was nothing new under the sun. Tennyson's famous "Charge of the Light Brigade" owes much of its popularity to its metre and mannerism. Except the sounds corresponding to the reiterated "six hundred," (such as blundered, thundered, wondered, and sundered,) the rhymes are mean, and "cannon to right of them," "to left of them," "in front of them," are not rhymes at all. In the first stanza, as originally published, instead of "charge for the guns, he said," the line ran, "'Take the guns!' Nolan said; we suppose that as Nolan was only a subaltern, it was held, on second thought that his name was not worthy of being preserved—had he been a general, it might have been different, perhaps. Even the metre of Tennyson's lyric is not original.—An English essay writer, in a volume just published in London, by Strahan & Co., and entitled "Tangled Talk," quotes a verse from a ballad, "The Battaile of Agincourt," by Michael Drayton, and published in 1627, which shows from what source the form of "The Charge of the Light Brigade" was derived. It runs thus:

> "They now to fight are gone,
> Armor on armor shone,
> Drum now to drum did groan,
> To hear was wonder—
> That, with the cries they make,
> The very earth did shake,
> Trumpet to trumpet spake—
> Thunder to thunder!"

THE DESOLATION OF WAR.—A correspondent of the Indianapolis Journal paints the following picture of Northern Georgia:

As you wind through the forest ravine and open country, from Resaca to Dalton, the utter loneliness the want of human life, strikes me with a feeling of desolation. The fences are gone, the houses are deserted, the bubbling spring on the roadside shows no happy child drinking or paddling in its waters. No sheep graze in the fields, no cattle browse in the woods, not even the crowing of a cock is heard. The bee hive is deserted by its once busy tenants, and the ruined mill is still. So startling is the utter silence, that even when the wild bird of the forest carols a note, you look around surprised that amid such loneliness any living being should be happy.

SEWARD AND THE FOREIGN RELATION QUESTION.—The Northern papers publish, by telegraph from Washington, an editorial from the Richmond *Sentinel*, concluding with this paragraph:

"If France and England will enter into a treaty with these Confederate States, recognizing our nationality and guaranteeing our independence upon the abolition of slavery in all the States, rather than continue the war we should be prepared to urge the measure upon our readers. We believe such a proposition would be favorably received and acted upon by those nations, and it ought to be made to them."

Accompanying the telegram is the following explanation:

"The following editorial from the Richmond *Sentinel* has been deemed by Secretary Seward of such importance, and so truly representing the condition of the South and Jeff. Davis' own intentions, that he has ordered copies of it to be sent to our foreign leaders, to show that the rebel Government is admitted by their own ministers to be a failure, and that, already exhausted and worn out, they are seeking for some port of refuge; and this being the case, that they be no longer considered as "belligerents." Those most familiar with Jeff. Davis and his writings declare this to be from his pen."

The New Confederate Cruiser.

The Confederate cruiser Shenandoah, formerly the British steamer Sea King, is actively employed in the destruction of the Yankee merchant vessels on the Atlantic. Captain F. W. Hansen, of the brig Susan, who was captured on the 4th of November, while on his way from Cardiff to Rio Grand do Sud with a cargo of coals, has arrived in New York city, in the bark Grace, of Baltimore, and furnishes the following account of the Shenandoah's doings:

On the morning of the 4th of November, about two o'clock, we made a large steamer in the distance. At three o'clock she tacked and stood after us, and at daylight she was off the starboard quarter, half a mile distant, when she hoisted the English flag and fired a gun. We set the colors, but did not heave to. She then hauled down the English flag and fired another gun, at the same time hoisting the rebel flag. We then backed our yards and were shortly afterwards boarded by an armed boat from the steamer, which proved to be the Shenandoah. They took possession of the brig, and ordered the captain and mate to repair on board with the ship's papers. This occurred in latitude 4 30 north, longitude 26.40 west from Greenwich. After examining the ship's papers, the captain of the privateer ordered the brig to be sunk, taking out of her everything that could be of any use, such as provisions, canvass, and rope, and allowing the ship's company to take away all personal effects, except the nautical instruments.

The steamer is a full rigged ship, with rolling topsails, iron lower masts, bowsprit steel, lower yards, and capable of steaming under full sail, eleven knots. She was built at Glasgow, by Messrs. Stevens & Sons, in 1863, and was formerly called the Sea King, and, by the officer's own report, had been employed on the London and Bombay line of steamers. She is now armed with four 68 pounder smooth-bore guns, two 32 pounder rifles, and two 12 pounder smooth bore guns. She had forty-three men on board, nearly all of whom had joined from captured vessels. She was fitted out at sea, or at Funchal harbor, by another steamer which had been sent out from England for the purpose. She had clearance from London to Bombay, which they said she had on board at the time.

In my opinion, she is not fit to fight any vessel, as she is not able to use any of her guns, except the small ones and for those she had only one or two rounds of ammunition. She is commanded by a man who is very imprudent in boarding vessels. In capturing the ship Kate Prince, which I subsequently witnessed, he exposed his whole broadside without knowing whether she was a man of war or a merchant vessel, and neglected to have his quarters. The crew were so situated that they could have been swept away by a discharge from an opposing vessel. It astonished me greatly to see his want of caution in this respect, as he said he had been brought up in the American navy. By his own statement, his name was Wardell, a native of Maryland, and a graduate of Annapolis. He was formerly in command of the United States sloop of war Saratoga.

All who were on board as prisoners must acknowledge that this same Captain Wardell, as well as his officers, treated us very kindly, and were, in every respect, perfect gentlemen.

Previous to the capture of the Susan, the bark Elena, of Boston; bark E. C. Godfrey, (place unknown), and schooner Charter Oak, of San Francisco, had been captured. The officers of the two first named vessels were sent into Rio Janeiro by a Danish brig.

The Kate Prince was scuttled, and conveyed me and Captain Grant to Bahia. From thence we sailed in the bark Grace, for Baltimore, for New York, where we arrived. About three hundred dollars worth of private property, which I had on board, fell into the hands of the privateers.

PRINCE BABY'S COURT CIRCULAR.

The great satisfaction which was given to the mothers of England by the faithful narrations about Prince Baby which were supplied during the recent tour of Prince Baby's Royal parents, and the delight which was felt in reading, in a subsequent *Court Circular*, that he had been out for an airing, has induced his friend and godfather, Mr. Punch, to make arrangements for the regular preparation of a "Court Circular," that shall be devoted only to Prince Baby. The following is the chronicle of the past week:

Sunday.—H. R. H. very good indeed. Slightly incensed after church at being interrupted in sucking the velvet of mamma's Prayer Book, but instantly pacified. Grabbed at a wine glass and threw it down, but only laughed at the pieces, and wanted another.

Monday.—H. R. H. did not cry during the whole day. Observing, from the window, his Royal parents going out for a ride, distinctly remarked, "Ta-ta," innocently unconscious that they were out of hearing.

Tuesday.—H. R. H.'s usual amiability was disturbed by a special petition, on the part of his head nurse, that he would put the coral into his mouth instead of Shem, Ham, and Japhet, whom he endeavored to introduce there all at once. He was graciously pleased, however, to submit to the elephant for the family of Noah.

Wednesday.—H. R. H. evinced a great desire to eat his toes. During a ride in the afternoon he distinctly pointed at a horse, and made a remark, which the head nurse is inclined to believe was "see," but which the second nurse considers to have been "gee."

Thursday.—H. R. H. very sleepy; but the medical attendants did not think that the symptoms were in the least alarming, though his remonstrances on being moved certainly were. He was pleased to break a Sevres cup in the afternoon, and to laugh very much at the crash.

Friday.—H. R. H. much displeased at a bib being inserted under his double chin, and he spat out his nutriment with much vigor. Afterwards, a sudden clutch at his royal mother's Dagmar brooch slightly hurt his hand, but he was delighted when the naughty brooch was well whopped.

Saturday.—H. R. H. in the highest spirits, and kicking vehemently. An attempt to swallow his red sock was happily frustrated, and his royal father's watch went into his mouth instead. He enjoyed his evening bath exceedingly, and utterly refused to allow himself to be removed from the water. At length an Angola kitten effected a diversion, and H. R. H. concluded the week by going to sleep with the affectionate kitten's tail in his hand.—*London Punch.*

HE MMIA MUCO, OR JOHN JUMPER.

We have recently been put in possession of some facts with regard to this Indian—the principal Chief of the Seminole nation—which cannot be otherwise than interesting to our readers. He is, at present, a Colonel in the Provisional Army of the Confederate States, and commands a regiment of Indians, composed principally of Seminoles. Considerably over six feet in height, as straight as an arrow, and as gracefully and light-footed as the deer which feed upon the prairies of his western home, he looks every inch the soldier and the chief—He is, withal, as gentle as a woman, as brave as the bravest, able in council, influential with his people, a pure patriot, and thoroughly devoted to the cause of the South. His name should become a household word with the citizens of the Confederate States.

Having seen a copy of his "talk" to Colonel S. S. Scott, Commissioner of Indian affairs, at Fort Washita, 9th October last, we give an extract. It will be found scarcely less eloquent in its simplicity and true feeling than the celebrated speech of Logan.

"Permit me to express to you the gratification we feel because of your visit. We thank you for the very friendly and satisfactory address this morning. We are strengthened and encouraged. We will remember your words when you are far away. We will profit by them.

"In the Fall of 1862, I first met you at Port Arbuckle. You asked me if I had any request to make of the President of the Confederate States. I told you I had none. We were then by our fire sides, living in comparative quiet. But war came to our country and drove us from our pleasant homes. We are now wanderers and strangers; yet the Confederate States have not deserted us. We have been provided for; our women and children are fed; our soldiers get all they should expect.

"The Government is engaged in a great war. She cannot do any more for us than she is doing. Perhaps when the war is over, we shall be perfectly satisfied with her bounty. All claims will be adjusted. In view of these things, I say again to you: I have no request to make of the President. He will, without asking, do all for us that we should expect. I wish you, however, to assure the President that the Seminoles are true and loyal. Their treaty stipulations are sacred; the destiny of your government shall be ours: if she fails we will go with her; if she triumphs, no rejoicing will be more sincere than ours."—*Macon Confederate.*

CHARCOAL FOR TURKEYS.—Four turkeys were confined in a pen and fed on meal, boiled potatoes and oats. Four others of the same brood were also at the same time, confined in another pen, and fed daily on the same articles, but with one pint of finely pulverised charcoal mixed with their meal and potatoes. They also had a plentiful supply of broken charcoal in their pen. The eight were killed on the same day, and there was a difference of one and a half pounds each in favor of the fowls which had been supplied with the charcoal, they being much the fattest, and the meat greatly superior in point of tenderness and flavor.

AN INSIDE VIEW OF THE CAMPAIGN OF THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC,

Major General McDowell made a speech in San Francisco recently, in which he gave some curious and interesting statements—statements never given to the people before—of the campaign of the Army of the Potomac while under the command of McClellan. The following is a statement given by him of a private interview he had with Lincoln while the authorities were "mapping" out the campaign of the spring of 1862:

"It was on the 10th of January, 1862, that, being at a dinner at Arlington, I received a telegram, and soon after a confidential note, saying the President wished to see me. I went to the White House, and was ushered into the northeast room, where I found the President and General Franklin. The President appeared to be greatly depressed in consequence of the desperate condition of the national affairs, with an exhausted treasury, the feeling of hostility of foreign nations, the frightful condition of the national finance, Jacobins in Congress, the want of co-operation between the leading generals of the army. Buell and Halleck, corresponding direct with Washington, would have no correspondence with each other, and worse than all, the schemes of Gen. McClellan, and the long inaction of the Army of the Potomac, he said: 'If something is not done soon with the army to save the country, the whole bottom of the thing will fall out.' [Loud cheers and laughter.]

"It is unnecessary to enter into details of this conversation. In reference to the movement of the army, I favored its going into Alexandria. General Franklin was in favor of its going by the way of York river.—We had four or five interviews on this subject with the President, and were ordered by him to obtain all possible information from the officers of the staff, so as to be able to know whether anything could be done; whether the Army of the Potomac could be brought into the field against the enemy.

[McDowell here charges that McClellan feigned sickness to keep from seeing the President.]

"At the end of two or three days, McClellan having got well, the President informed us that as he would take charge of the army, he would dispense with further proceedings with us, but wished General Franklin and myself to meet him again, with General McClellan. At this meeting the President explained to him why he had consulted with General Franklin and myself, going over much the same grounds he had done with us. General McClellan said the case was so plain that a blind man could see it.

At this subsequent meeting, when McClellan, the President, General Franklin, myself and several members of the Cabinet were present, the subject of the plans for conducting the campaign was brought up. A member of the Cabinet asked McClellan what he intended to do with the army, and when he intended doing it. After making a very long pause, he stated that he was very much averse to making his plans known, but would do so if ordered by the President; but stated that any movement of the Army of the Potomac must be preceded by Buell's army in Kentucky, which was to move through Cumberland Gap to Knoxville, to cut off railroad communications. And this, by this badly supplied army, over two States—Kentucky and Tennessee—whilst he, on a subsequent occasion, at or near Harper's Ferry, declared himself unable to move his fine army over the best road, more than twenty or twenty-five miles from the terminus of a canal or railroad." [Applause.]

DISASTER IN MOBILE BAY.

MOBILE BAY, Dec. 8, 1864.—*Editor Era:* It is with sadness that I send you the intelligence of the blowing up by a torpedo of the U. S. gunboat Narcissus, Wm. G. Jones, commanding.

On the night of December 7th she went in on picket duty to the obstructions opposite the city of Mobile. At 7 o'clock, p. m., she came to anchor within three hundred yards of the obstructions, in plain view of the rebel rams, picket boats, etc. The night was clear, and with a beautiful moon. At 10:30 p. m. came up a terrific squall from Northward.

The Captain being apprehensive of his vessel grounding, as she was only in eight feet water, out of the bay, the steamer got under way and steamed a mile farther out, and came to anchor in nine and a half feet water. The vessel was to an anchor in ten minutes, the wind blowing strong from the Northward, and a considerable swell, when all of a sudden a terrific explosion, which lifted the vessel all of five feet, and she came down solid and broke all of her connection pipes.

Signal rockets were sent up, and with commendable zeal, and astonishing quick time, the steamer Octorora, Lieut. Law, (senior officer commanding the upper fleet off Mobile) came down to our assistance, and the wounded men were sent on board. The Octorora drew so much water that she could not approach us, so she sent the Cowslip to our assistance. Every thing moveable was removed to the Cowslip—guns, ammunition, powder, provisions, &c., all in good condition. The vessel filled in fifteen minutes after the explosion. The Captain placed turpentine in different places to burn her, but as he was of opinion she could be raised he did not set fire to her.—*N. O. Era.*

WHAT THE BOYS WOULD BE.

Four or five little boys were talking one evening, as boys often do, of the future. One asked the tallest of the group,

"What are you going to be when you are a man Willie?"

"A lawyer," answered Willie. "It is very important to have justice done in courts."

"Yes, but I reckon lawyers don't always look out for justice. I've heard that most of them will plead a cause on either side, right or wrong, for the money;" replied Charles.

"Well, that may be so; but that's not the kind of a lawyer I'm going to be. I'll always take the right side, whether I get paid or not. I'll look out for all the widows and orphans, to see that nobody cheats them," said Willie.

"What will you be, Charlie?"

"Oh, I'm going to be a doctor; so that I can ride day and night. I'll keep four horses and change them often, and always have a fresh one. I'll not go poking along with a worn out horse, and a spattered gig, like Doctor Gray."

At this, little Jimmy sprung up, and cried very earnestly, as if already in the business: "Please, brother Charlie, let me shoe all your horses, for I'm going to be a blacksmith."

His brother laughed, and Willie said: "I shall never be ashamed of you, Jimmie, if you're a good, honest blacksmith; but you must always wash your face and hands before you come to my office."

"Yes, I will, and put on my Sabbath clothes," replied the good-natured little fellow.

"Well, that is settled then, that father is to have a lawyer, a doctor, and a blacksmith in his family," said Willie.

Grandma sat all this time in her arm chair, knitting away very fast on a striped stocking. At her feet sat the family pet, Harry, sticking pins into grandma's ball of yarn. Ah, it was fun this time, pimp foot, that the yarn was flying over the dear old lady's needles.

"Boys," said grandma, "here is one who has not told what he is going to be when a man."

"Oh, no," cried Willie, stopping down and taking dear Harry in his arms: "What are you going to be when you are a big man like papa, Harry?"

Harry put his little arms around Willie's neck and said: "When I am a great high man, I'll be—I'll be—kind to mother."

"You darling boy," cried grandma, "that is a sweet little vision of your future. I would far rather have you an humble workingman, with an affectionate heart, than to see you cold and selfish in the President's chair, or in the seat of Judge. Willie and Charlie might be great men in their professions, and yet be no comfort to their parents in old age, unless they were at the same time loving and kind."—*Ed. Journal.*

A PHILOSOPHIC HUSBAND.—If the story be true—and we trust our readers are wise enough to know all stories are true—the Yankee army under Sherman, lately robbed a poor fellow residing somewhere in this State of almost everything. An extremely good-looking Yankee officer even persuaded his too credulous spouse to accompany the Grand Union Army. He expressed his lamentations in the following rhymes.

> "I've lost my mistress, horse and wife,
> But when I think of human life,
> I'm glad it is no worse;
> My wife was ugly and a scold;
> My Susie was grown stale and cold;
> I'm sorry for my horse!"
>
> *Southern Confederacy.*

HORRIBLE SLAUGHTER IN JAPAN.—We have received, *via* Holland, a letter from Japan three days later than the news already published. It has been already stated that, the Prince of Nagato having refused to pay the war indemnity stipulated in the treaty of peace signed by him, a judgment of the criminal tribunal of Yeddo had decided that his two palaces should be razed to the ground and his servants put to death. We learn that this singular and sanguinary sentence was approved of by the Mikado and by the Taicoum, the spiritual and temporal sovereigns of Japan, and that the number of servants killed in the execution of it was four hundred and twenty men and two hundred and fifteen women and children. The Prince, on learning the facts, was deeply concerned, and sent to the capital his First Minister, on board the English corvette Barrosa, which was placed at his disposal by Vice-Admiral Kuker. The Minister, on arriving at Yeddo, waited upon the representatives of France, England, Holland, America and Russia, and besought them to intercede with the Taicoun in favor of the Prince, his master, who had decided upon executing all the provisions of the treaty, and immediately paying the same due. Such was the situation of affairs at the last date.—*Gallignani's Messenger, Dec. 7.*

HERE is a "personal" advertisement from the New York Herald of last week: "A splendid female infant (blonde) of aristocratic parentage, to be adopted out. Apply to Mrs. Worcester, No. 539 Hudson street."

THE AMBITIOUS BRIGAND.

A STORY OF NAPLES.

One day (what matter about the year? a plainly dressed man, apparently a foreigner, entered the city of Naples on foot. He proceeded to the poor quarter of the town, where he hired an old untenanted house, that all the people round believed to be haunted. He paid half a year's rent in advance, took possession, bought a few necessary articles of furniture, laid in a heavy stock of provisions, and shut himself up in complete reclusion. All the gossips, of course, wondered who he was, where he came from, what he intended to do, and so on; but, as they did not like to venture an inquiry to the only person who could give them the desired information, they had nothing left for it but random guesses and mysterious speculations.

Days and weeks past, and nothing was seen of the strange tenant, neither coming out nor going in, nor yet at any of the windows, all of which remained closed, save an upper one, that, from its situation, nobody could see into. Then some of the neighbors said the man was no man, but a mere apparition; others, that he had gone in as flesh and blood, but had since been spirited away by the demons of the place.

At last, the police went to investigate the mystery. Their demand for admittance was answered by the man himself—a tall, dark personage, with deep blue eyes and penetrating look—who, in the most polite manner invited them in, showed them all over his poorly furnished house, and treated them to the best he had. He told them he was a Spaniard by birth, a student from choice, a recluse from whim, and a soothsayer by nature. They bade him predict his own fate, and then arrested and took him before a magistrate. As the latter could find nothing against him, he let him off with a fine and a few days' imprisonment. As he was being taken away, he cried out, in the hearing of many:

"Let him who has condemned without cause beware of the judgment that will soon be passed upon him in another world."

Ten days after the fortune-teller's release the magistrate died, and no one could tell the reason why.—There were those who remembered the prediction of the former, and noised the fact about, and then certain persons who believed in such things came to see him.

One night a lady came to him disguised in male attire.

"I want to speak with Senor Valencio," she said.

"I am he," replied the fortune-teller.

He knew her as the Countess Cavanti—for he was not what he seemed and had met her under very different circumstances—but he kept this to himself and treated her as if she were a gentlewoman. When alone with him in his poorly furnished study, the lady said:

"Senor Valencio, you are reported to know the future—to know about things and events before they happen—can you tell me why I am here?"

"It is of course impossible for me to tell all things," he replied, "only what is given me to know for a purpose. I will venture to say, however, in your case, that you seek to be informed how long the Count Cavanti will live."

The lady started and her cheeks grew pale.

"Are all our secret thoughts, then, known," she exclaimed.

"Yes," returned Valencio, solemnly, "all are known; but all are not known to mortals, else would some wicked hands be stayed, some murderous deeds remain undone."

"Who are you?" demanded the other, turning full upon him, though the dim light of the apartment did not permit her a very distinct view of his features.—"Methinks," she said, coming up close and almost thrusting her face into his, "we have met before."

"Where?" demanded Valencio, sternly.

"I do not know where."

"Stand off, then, and do not strive to remember too much."

"Ha! that voice. I know that tone of command. You are, then, no other than Rondinelli, chief of brigands, whom I first met among the wild hills overshadowing Lake Colano."

"Well, is the remembrance pleasant to your ladyship?" inquired the brigand, coolly.

"My ladyship!"

"Bah! Why seem to be astonished? Do you suppose I know less of Countess Cavanti than she of Rondinelli?"

"So, then," rejoined the countess, biting her lips, "it seems that both have secrets here."

"And should both work for each other's interest," said the chief of the brigands. "What can I do to serve the fair Countess Cavanti?"

"I suppose we can trust each other?"

"I suppose we shall, if we separate alive," replied the bandit.

"Do you guess at what I want?" asked the Countess.

"I think I do—the death of your husband for one thing."

"And what else?"

"The death of the Duchess Ducarrar."

"You do, indeed, know more of me than I thought," said the Countess, gazing upon him with an expression of wonder. "For what purpose are you here?"

"Your pardon, fair Countess, but that is my secret. May I ask what brought you to me?"

"Well, I heard the story, thro' the gossip of the servants, of a strange man coming to this old house and shutting himself up in complete seclusion; of his subsequent arrest, imprisonment and prediction concerning the magistrate, and, since that, of some other death-predictions that have come to pass, and I felt a strong desire to consult him, thinking it not improbable that where it might be to his interest to predict a death, a death would be certain to follow."

"In other words," said the bandit, "you believe me to be a professional murderer?"

"Something of that kind, I confess."

"And now?"

"I trust I have no reason to change my opinion?"

"You are plain and straightforward at all events.—I don't object to that however. Well, now that we understand each other, what do you require of me?"

"You have already named what I most desire."

"The death of the count and the duchess."

"Yes! and if you will undertake to rid me of these, you have only to name your price."

"And what of the Duke Ducarrar?"

"O, he must not be named!"

"I understand," said the brigand, with a peculiar look, "the Countess Cavanti would wed the Duke Ducarrar?"

"O, man, seek not to know every thing!" exclaimed the lady, in an irritated tone. "Come, will you undertake what I want done?"

"I will give you the means to accomplish the work yourself," said the outlaw. "I have a colorless poison that is slow but sure. It needs but a few drops in a cup of water or wine. It produces no pain, no suffering of any kind, and its effects are not apparent for two or three days. Then the patient begins to complain of weakness and lassitude, goes into a rapid decline and dies in less than a month. This poison cannot be detected in the system, and there is not a physician that knows its antidote."

"The very thing," cried the countess, "give me that poison and I will accomplish the rest."

The countess and the brigand finally agreed upon terms. He sold her the poison at a fabulous price, but would not dispose of the antidote for any consideration whatever. He told her, however, that should she discover any friend of hers suffering from the effects of this poison, to come to him at once, and he would arrange with her to save the party.

For several weeks longer Rondinelli remained in that old house, never going out himself, and now and then receiving a visitor. There was some talk of arresting him again, but there was an opposing influence in high quarters, and it was never done. It would not have been done had the police even attempted it, for the fortune-teller, as he was supposed to be, was not isolated and alone, as even his nearest neighbors believed. He had known the house before he went to it, and why it was supposed to be haunted. It was connected with a distant point by a subterranean passage, and he had been in communication with his band from the very first. There was no time that he could not have brought a thousand desperate men to his assistance; but he had chosen rather to be arrested at first, thinking it might favor his design, which it did.

And this design of Rondinelli, the bandit, whose name was a terror throughout Italy, was a singular one, to say the least. He had come to Naples to be ennobled, to gain a title that should give him a right to an honored seat among the proudest of the land. And how was this to be accomplished? Strange as it may seem, by the wonderful poison he possessed. He understood their political intrigue. He knew there were many among the nobility who wished wives, husbands and rivals dead, that they might change their own condition; and he relied upon eventually disposing of his subtle poison to those parties who, in using it, would see the effects—see death certainly result, in spite of all the medical skill of Naples; but in no case, for no consideration, would he dispose of the antidote; and, by retaining this, he would leave himself the only master of life.

"Suppose," he reasoned, "that some one, after having used my poison, should see its effect upon himself, or some dear friend; suppose, again, that self or friend should be among the highest nobility, touching even royalty, would not a title—aye, even a dukedom—be given in exchange for life?"

The result, indeed, proved that Rondinelli did not miscalculate in many particulars. His general scheme prospered. The ambitious and unprincipled Countess Cavanti, in carrying out her own wicked designs, assisted him materially. She poisoned her husband and the duchess, and saw them both die, and thus became familiar with the workings of the deadly drug. The bandit knew she intended to marry the Duke Ducarrar. Now was his time. By means of one of his secret agents, who had obtained the position of butler in the duke's household, he had several drops of poison put into his Grace's wine. A few days served to display the symptoms which the countess now so well understood, and in terrible rage and alarm, she hastened to the robber chief.

"The Duke Ducarrar is dying of your cursed poison," she cried, in a wild, lofty tone, with flashing eyes.

"Yes," coolly replied the brigand chief, "it respects neither rank, age or sex."

"You know of this then?" almost screamed the countess. "Now save him, villian, or I will have you torn limb from limb."

"Softly, my fair murderess!" returned the bandit, fastening his dark blue eyes upon her with an expression that made her quail; "remember who you are that speak—who I am that you address. You should rather humbly sue for my aid than attempt to command it through threats. If you were to have me torn limb from limb, the duke would die without making you his wife; and if I were to say you poisoned your husband and the duchess, you can imagine what a fearful doom would be yours. But putting all this aside, it is you that are in my power. You cannot stir hence except by my permission. I can touch this wire you see here within reach of my hand, and in less than an hour a thousand desperate men would be gathering to my aid, some of them coming from your own household, some from the duke's and others again from the royal palace. Now I see by your pale cheek and wondering looks, you begin to comprehend with whom you are dealing, and now we will endeavor to come to reason. You remember I told you that if you saw a friend suffering from this deadly poison to come to me, and we would arrange to save him. I will save the duke; but I must have my price—no less than a full pardon and a title of nobility not below that of a count, and I am certain he can procure what I demand to save his own life."

It may well be believed that the haughty countess was amazed at the audacity of this chief of robbers; but she was already within his toils, and was obliged to work out his design to save herself and lover.

The result was the fulfilling of the ambitions scheme of Rondonelli. He received a full pardon for past offences and, to the surprise of every one not in the secret was created a peer of the realm. The old nobles would have shunned him, but they feared for their own lives; and so outwardly they courted his society, while at heart they detested him. He purchased himself a palace, furnished it gorgeously, and for a few months lived in regal style, at the end of which time he was found assassinated.

As for the wicked and ambitious countess, she succeeded in her design, and became the Duchess Ducarrar but she and her new lord soon after quarrelled and separated. He subsequently died of poison, supposed to have been administered through her agency. She was arrested on suspicion, but stabbed herself to the heart, and died the miserable death of the suicide.

So, one after another, untimely perished our workers of iniquity, and yet Naples remained no less full of crime and intrigue.

TELEGRAPHIC

Reports of the Press Association.

Entered according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1865, by J. S. THRASHER, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the Confederate States for the Northern District of Georgia.

CONFEDERATE CONGRESS.

RICHMOND, Jan. 13th, 1865.

The Senate was in secret session to-day.

The House amendments of Senate to bill providing clothing for officers of the army and navy concurred in; also the bill increasing the number of acting Midshipmen. Several other naval bills from the Senate was passed; also passed Senate bill providing for the transmission of Newspapers to officers, privates and musicians in the army; also House bill providing for payment of interest due the Cherokee Nation on certain State bonds, the payment of which was ass